

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

FATIMA.

BY NINA H.

Silently the day declines,
Moans the night breeze through the pines,
And the last faint crimson glow
Tips with light each waving bough,
While the mist the mountains wore,
Wafted from the sunset shore,
Melts away, through crystal bars,
Into the wide realm of stars.

"Now a low and trembling thrill
Stirs the leaves that late were still,"
And the sea wave's distant moan
Rises with a muffled tone;
Sullenly the dusk descends—
With it every object blends—
And a coming tempest broods
O'er the forest's solitudes.

Bending by the fireside lone,
Where resounds no human tone,
While in noiseless, mystic play,
Round her phantom shadows stray;
How the firelight's fitful beam
Lights her face with transient gleam,
And reveals the beauty rare,
Of its features, high and fair.

See her! through the darkness peering,
As if longing half—half fearing,
Lest her eager gaze may meet,
Aught her spirit fears to greet;
What a world of meaning lies
In those deep and starry eyes,
Woman's pride—all else above—
Woman's yearning, woman's love!

Louder moans the rising gale,
And the stormy-clouds swifter sail,
O'er the rayless depths of heaven,
As by demon spirits driven
Still unto the listener's ear,
O'er the tempest riseth clear,
Like a wail of destiny,
The wild tumult of the sea!

Dreamily the drift-wood flame
Sings and flickers on the same,
And the shadows walk the floor,
Beckoning through the half-shut door;
While upon the antique walls,
Where the light reflected falls,
Many a face, with smile or frown,
Looks in moveless quiet down.

Bends the maiden yet more low,
O'er the embers ruddy glow,
As a thousand fancies start
From the chambers of her heart,
And a voiceless, spirit-chime,
Hastening the steps of time,
Leads along, through opening flowers,
The entranced, golden hours.

'Gainst the antique window pane,
Madly drives the chilling rain,
Upward through the purple air,
Flings the oak his branches bare,
And the shrunken, blasted pine,
Of some scathing past—a sign,
Like a seer, stands silently,
Facing the relentless sea!

Lovingly the firelight lingers
O'er the maiden's snowy fingers,
Pictured form and curling tress,
Holds she in their fond caress;
And she speaks, as if the tone
Of her heart must reach his own.

"Ah, there soon shall come a day,
I may cast this frame away,
Mouth so sweet, though unreplying,
Always, even to my sighing,
Eyes that ever gaze in mine
With that fixed and saintly shine,
Forehead, round whose surface fair
Droop the waves of auburn hair.

"For he cometh o'er the main
Ne'er to leave my side again—
I shall see the kindling glance
Light his living countenance,
And this outline poor and cold
All 'tis given me now to hold,
Will beside his presence seem
Like the figure of a dream."

Louder shrieks the wrathful storm,
Round the dwelling safe and warm,
Mingles with its surging moan
Many an anguished human tone,
Swelling from the angry sea,
Up—up—to Infinity!

Onward, with their ceaseless flow,
Steadily the billows go;
Never wreck behind remains,
On those pathless, watery plains,
Telling where beneath them sleep
Earth's beloved, lone and deep,
Swept from life's impetuous pride
Into the relentless tide.

From the cloisters of the Night,
Steals the morning, robed in light,
All along his glowing track
Tones of music echo back.
Dewy flowers their censers swing,
Early birds their matins sing,
In the blue and sunlit sky
Lurks no trace of storms gone by.

—

Fair the blossoms starry fold
Over graves our hearts that hold,
Bathed in sunniest light, the Day
Which shall bear our light away,
And from Love's bewitching dream,
Sweetest in its parting gleam,
Many a soul has waked to feel
Pangs one Future shall reveal.

DIDN'T LIKE HIS WIFE.

BY MARGARET LYON.

OUR minister is a favorite in the congregation; he's so approachable, so kind, so pleasant and sympathizing! Everybody likes him—the young and the old, the rich and the poor. And he's such an eloquent preacher! In all his private relations, as well as in his public ministries, he seems about as near perfection as can be hoped for on this earth. Now, that is saying a great deal for our minister.

But there is no unmixed good in this world. We are not permitted to enjoy our minister without the accompaniment of some unpleasant drawback. Mr. Elmore has a wife, and a minister's wife, it is well known, is not usually perfect in the eyes of the congregation. There was no exception to the rule in our case. Mrs. Elmore was no favorite. What the real trouble was I did not know from personal observation. But no one seemed to have a friendly feeling toward her. When I say no one, I refer to the ladies of our congregation. When Mr. Elmore was the subject of conversation, you would be almost certain to hear the remark—"Ah, if it wasn't for his wife."

Or—"What a pity Mrs. Elmore isn't the right kind of a woman!"

Or—"Isn't it a shame that he has a wife so poorly fitted for her position!"

So the changes rang. Mr. Elmore had been our minister for over a year, and during that time very little had been seen of his wife in a social way. The ladies of the congregation had called upon her, and she had received them kindly and politely, but with a certain distance in her manner that repelled, rather than attracted. In every case she returned these calls, but when repeated, failed in that prompt reciprocation which her visitors expected. There are, in all congregations, certain active, patronizing ladies, who like to manage things, to be deferred to, and to make their influence felt on all around them. The wife of our previous minister, a weak and facile woman, had been entirely in their hands, and was, of course, a great favorite. But Mrs. Elmore was a different character altogether. You saw by the poise of her head—by the steadiness of her clear, dark blue eyes—and by the firmness of her delicate mouth, that she was a woman of independent thought, purpose, and self-reliance. Polite and kind in her intercourse with the congre-

gation, there was, withal, a coldness of manner that held you at a certain distance, as surely as if a barrier had been interposed.

It was a serious trouble with certain ladies of the congregation, this peculiarity in the minister's wife. How he could ever have married a woman of her temperament was regarded as a mystery. He so genial—she so cold; he so approachable by every one—she so constrained; he all alive for the church—and she seemingly indifferent to everything but her own family. If she had been the lawyer's wife, or the doctor's wife, or the wife of a merchant, she might have been as distant and exclusive as she pleased; but for the minister's wife! O dear! it was terrible!

I had heard so much said about Mrs. Elmore, that, without having met her familiarly, or knowing anything about her from personal observation, I took for granted the general impression as true.

Last week one of my lady friends, a member of Mr. Elmore's congregation, called in to see me. I asked her to take off her bonnet and sit for the afternoon. But she said—

"No; I have called for you to go with me to Mrs. Elmore's."

"I have not been in the habit of visiting her," was my answer.

"No matter," was replied, "she's our minister's wife, and it's your privilege to call on her."

"It might not be agreeable," I suggested; "you know she is peculiar."

"Not agreeable to the minister's wife to have a lady of the congregation call on her!" and my friend put on an air of surprise.

"She's only a woman, after all," I remarked, "and may have her likes and dislikes, her peculiarities and preferences, as well as other people. And I'm sure that I have no desire to intrude upon her."

"Intrusion! How you talk! An intrusion to call on our minister's wife! Well, that sounds beautiful, don't it? I wouldn't say that again. Come, put on your bonnet. I want your company and am going to have it."

I made no further objection, and went with my lady friend to call on Mrs. Elmore. We sent up our names, and were shown into her neat little parlor, where we sat nearly five minutes before she came down.

"She takes her own time," remarked my companion.

If the tone of voice in which this was said had been translated into a sentence it would have read thus—

"She's mighty independent for a minister's wife!"

I did not like the manner, nor the remark of my friend, and so kept silent. Soon, there was a light step on the stairs, the rustle of garments near the door, and then Mrs. Elmore entered the room where we were sitting. She received us kindly, but not with wordy expressions of pleasure. There was a mild, soft light in her eyes, and a pleasant smile on her delicately arching lips. We entered into conversation, which was a little constrained on her part; but whether this was from coldness, or diffidence, I could not decide. I think she did not, from some cause, feel entirely at her ease. A remark in the conversation gave my companion the opportunity of saying what I think she had come to say.

"That leads me to suggest, Mrs. Elmore, that, as our minister's wife, you hold yourself rather too far at a distance. You will pardon me for saying this, but as it is right that you should know how we feel on this subject, I have taken the liberty of being frank with you. Of course, I mean no offence, and I am sure you will not be hurt at an intimation given in all kindness."

I looked for a flash from Mrs. Elmore's clear bright eyes, for red spots on her cheeks, for a quick curving of her flexible lips—but none of these signs of feeling were apparent. Calmly she looked into the face of her monitor, and when the above sentence was completed, answered in a quiet tone of voice—

"I thank you for having spoken so plainly. Of course, I am not offended. But I regret to learn that any one has found cause of complaint against me. I have not meant to be cold or distant, but my home-duties are many and various, and take most of my time and thoughts."

"But, my dear madam," was answered to this, with some warmth, "you forget that for a woman in your position there are duties beyond the home circle which may not be omitted."

"In my position?" Mrs. Elmore's calm eyes rested in the face of my companion with a look of inquiry. "I am not sure that I understand you."

"You are the wife of our minister."

"I am aware of that." I thought I saw a twinkle in Mrs. Elmore's eyes.

"Well, ma'am, doesn't that involve some duties beyond the narrow circle of home?"

"No more than the fact of your being a merchant's wife involves you in obligations that reach beyond the circle of your home. My husband is your minister, and, as such,

you have claims upon him. I think he is doing his duty earnestly and conscientiously. I am his wife, and the mother of his children, and, as such, I too am trying to do my duty earnestly and conscientiously. There are immortal souls committed to my care, and I am endeavoring to train them up for Heaven."

"I think you misapprehend your relation to the church," was replied to this, but not in the confident manner in which the lady had at first spoken.

"I have no relation to the church in any way different from yours, or that of other ladies in the congregation," said Mrs. Elmore, with a decision of tone that showed her to be in earnest.

"But you forget, madam, that you are the minister's wife."

"Not for a moment. I am the minister's wife, but not the minister. He is a servant of the congregation, but I am not!"

I glanced toward my friend, and saw that she looked bewildered and at fault. I think some new ideas were coming into her mind.

"Then, if I understand you," she said, "you are in no way interested in the spiritual welfare of your husband's congregation?"

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Elmore, "I feel deeply interested. And I also feel interested in the spiritual welfare of other congregations. But I am only a wife and mother, and my chief duties are at home. If, time permitting, I can help in any good work outside of my home, I will put my hand to it cheerfully. But, home obligations are first with me. It is my husband's duty to minister in spiritual things—not mine. He engaged to preach for you, to administer the ordinances of the church, and to do faithfully all things required by his office. So far as I know, he gives satisfaction."

"O, dear—yes, indeed, *he* gives satisfaction!" was replied to this. Nobody has a word to say against him."

A smile of genuine pleasure lit up the face of Mrs. Elmore. She sat very still for a few moments, and then, with the manner of one who had drawn back her thoughts from something agreeable, she said,

"It is very pleasant for me to hear such testimony in regard to my husband. No one knows so well as I do how deeply his heart is in his work."

"And if you would only hold up his hands," suggested my friend.

"Help him to preach, do you mean?"

"Oh, no—no!" was ejaculated. "I don't

mean that, of course." The warm blood mounted to the very forehead of my lady monitor.

Mrs. Elmore smiled briefly, and, as the light faded from her countenance, said, in her grave, impressive way,

"I trust we are beginning to understand each other. But I think a word or two, more is required to make my position clear. In arranging for my husband's services, no stipulation was made in regard to mine. If the congregation expected services from me, the fact should have been stated. Then I would have communicated my view in the case, and informed the congregation that I had neither time nor taste for public duties. If this had not been satisfactory, the proposition to my husband could have been withdrawn. As it is, I stand unpledged beyond any lady in the parish; and what is more, shall remain unpledged. I claim no privileges, no rights, no superiority; I am only a woman, a wife, and a mother—your sister and your equal—and as such I ask your sympathy, your kindness, and your fellowship. If there are ladies in the congregation who have the time, the inclination, and the ability to engage in the more public uses to be found in all religious societies, let them, by all means, take the precedence. They will have their reward in just the degree that they act from purified Christian motives. As for me, my chief duties, as I have said before, lie at home, and, God being my helper, I will faithfully do them."

"Right, Mrs. Elmore, right!" said I, speaking for the first time, but with a warmth that showed my earnestness. "You have stated the case exactly. When we engaged your husband's services, nothing was stipulated, as you have said, in regard to yours, and I now see that no more can be justly required of you than of any other lady in the congregation. I give you my hand as an equal and a sister, and thank you for putting my mind right on a subject that has always been a little confused."

"She knows how to take her own part," said my companion, as we walked away from the house of our minister. Her manner was a little crest-fallen.

"She has right and common sense on her side," I answered, "and if we had a few more such minister's wives in our congregations, they would teach the people some lessons needful to be learned."

I was very favorably impressed with Mrs. Elmore on the occasion of this visit, and shall call to see her again right early. To think how much hard talk and uncharitable judgment

there has been in regard to her; and all because, as a woman of good sense and clear perceptions, she understood her duty in her own way, and, as she understood it, performed it to the letter. I shall take good care to let her view of the case be known. She will rise at once in the estimation of all whose good opinion is worth having. We are done with complaints about our minister's wife, I trust. She has defined her position so clearly, that none but the most stupid or self-willed can fail to see where she stands.

HALF HOURS IN THE LIBRARY.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Second Half Hour.—COOPER.

"That library is incomplete, which is without—." Reader, the sentence is trite, but who shall supply the ellipsis? Rather is it not suggestive of an indefinite supply, and of speculation almost infinite? One finds many a cheering thought in the reflection, how vast is the range from which his literary treasures may be drawn in this year of grace, 1860, and how easily and in what numbers he may rear up his household deities upon the shelves of his library case. If he take kindly to the sober realities of historical narrative, how rich may he become with Machiavelli, with Matthew Paris, with the great Father of History, and with the too brief serviced peer who could never find it in his heart to speak one softened word for William Penn, and who affected to care very little about the somewhat damaging common-places of one who, while writing with him, yet wrote against him. If his taste run in the more stimulating direction, whence may be found the cup which cheers and too oft makes intoxicate, the "draught of vintage," the "beaker full"—

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim," how overflowing and how rich is the measure! Granted that it is unfashionable now to cast one longing look toward Sterne, and Richardson, and Fielding, and any of the immortal names who were so unfortunate as to have been nursed out of this all-sufficient nineteenth century, and we still have left the unapproachable Wizard of the North; the clever magician of the South—in contradistinction,—he who knows so well how to write, and to read what he has written—in a *Pickwickian* sense; the wonderful panoramic painter, of the Caxtons—Rumor says he is shortly to come on the scene again; the rollicking scape-grace of the O'Malleys; and that brilliant and consummate genius which, in

The *Marble Faun*, has placed a cap-stone on *The Scarlet Letter*. What mighty ones there are beside, why should we pause to say; only shall we not give our little bashful maiden, whose range does not yet extend to the infinite of noveldom, shall we not give her a chance for a word, especially when that word is *Adam Bede*? Well, and if—but why multiply instances? The new names for ever crowding up the aisles of fame—many of them first water glories, like Kingsley, and Reade, and Trollope,—would compel a new catalogue every year. And now we think of it, can it be said that a library is ever complete? Is yours, reader? And this brings us back to the point from whence we started.

"That library is incomplete, which is without—." We take up the thread kindly, and say, "Cooper." Ay, and why not? "The enduring monuments of Cooper," says Daniel Webster, "are his works. Truly patriotic and American throughout, they should find a place in every American's library." "Cooper," says Poe, "has never been known to fail, either in the forest or upon the sea." "Cooper," says Simms, "has no superior, as he has had no master." "Cooper," says Washington Irving, "emphatically belongs to the nation. He has left a space in our literature, which will not easily be supplied." "Cooper," says Victor Hugo, "is greater than the Wizard of the North." "Cooper," says the *Athenaeum*, "is the most original writer that America has produced, and one of whom she may well be proud." "He has earned a fame wider than any author of modern times," says Bryant. "In his productions, every American must take an honest pride," says Prescott. And the *Edinburgh Review*, dropping for once its captious spirit before so genial a ray, says: "The Empire of the Sea has been conceded to him by acclamation; and in the lonely desert or untrdden prairie, among the savage Indians, or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion;—

"Within this circle none dare move but he."

Therefore, we insist upon it that a radical defect exists somewhere, if, in the little household accumulation of literary treasure which you, reader, dignify by the name of your library, you have not yet set up the worthiest of all. In fact, we must say of it, as the mechanic says of a leaky hogshead, "it wants Coopering."

The sale of the novels of Cooper is now averaging considerably over one hundred thousand

volumes per annum. For the fourteen years—1844 to 1858—says Allibone's Dictionary, it had reached an average of fifty thousand per annum, but the splendid new uniform edition, with "Darley's Illustrations,"* had not yet made its appearance; and the sale alone, in this sumptuous dress, exceeds ten thousand volumes per month, reaching the very handsome aggregate of one hundred and twenty-five thousand to one hundred and thirty thousand volumes in the year. As the success of this edition, by a natural result has reawakened or stimulated the popular interest in these remarkable works, attracting readers who never before dreamed of the wealth that lay hidden within the fast locked covers—many of them readers who care but little for any of the accessories of elegance or mechanical finish, which we have noted as characteristic of the "Darley Illustrated"—so has this increased sale extended to the old and inferior editions; and we may safely estimate now the whole current sale of these wonderful fictions at from two hundred thousand to a quarter of a million volumes annually. This is the American circulation alone. Smiling at the boast often made in the North American Review, that Cooper's novels had met a French translation, the simple truth is, that there is not a language in Europe, into which the Leather Stocking Tales and the Sea Tales have not been translated, while the Oriental nations, the Arabic, the Persian, etc., have adopted them into their own tongues, receiving through them the only knowledge they possess of our country. They have been, says a biographer, "the chosen companions of the prince and the peasant, on the borders of the Volga, the Danube, the Guadelquivir; by the Indus and the Ganges, the Paraguay and the Amazon; where the name even of Washington is not spoken, and America is known only as the home of Cooper."

Here is a result that has no parallel in any series of books ever published. The world has living or dead no other writer, except perhaps one only, whose fame is so universal. Even the constantly reprinting Waverly novels fall short of this stupendous aggregate. How easy, then, is it to laugh at the query of a quarter of a century ago, perhaps pertinent then, but vastly impertinent now, "Who reads an American book?"

* THE NOVELS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Elegantly printed on tinted paper. With five hundred illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Publishing by subscription, in Monthly Volumes. Vols. 1 to 19, now ready. W. A. Townsend & Co., New York. S. McHenry, Jr., sole agent, Philadelphia.

Possibly there is as great an inequality of merit in the thirty-five novels written by Cooper, as in the equally voluminous catalogue of romances from the pen of Scott, or the briefer list by Dickens. But Cooper rarely failed, when he kept within the bounds prescribed by his own peculiar genius and fitness. The sea acknowledged his power, and the forest yielded up to him its mysteries and its mighty wonders. In his portraiture of American character, and his glowing and truthful pictures of American scenery, he has left a monument that will perish only with the language. But his failures still were unequivocally failures, and are the more to be pitied, as they were invariably the result of bad taste, bad feeling and bad purpose in the selection of his subject. His countrymen deserved the censure which in some of his works he freely heaped against them, but the means and the time selected for the execution of his purpose were unfortunate, and the spirit with which he conceived his censure unjust and offensive. When abroad, his proud acknowledgment of his American character incurred the hostility of the British people and press, but, intent only upon setting his country right with the nation which incessantly slandered and abused us, he entered into a defence of our people and institutions, with a zeal and impetuosity which deserved at least a nice appreciation at home. At the same time he hesitated not to rebuke certain national foibles of our own, to which his uncompromising sense of national dignity and honor could not be blinded, and in which he foresaw a shipwreck of our sturdy independence of tone and manners. Instead of uniting in his defence, our own press, with that mean and detractive spirit which characterized it a quarter of a century ago, and with that groveling disposition to imitate English example, which was the chief cause of all Mr. Cooper's censure, took up the clamor of the British journals against him only too gladly, and made their denunciations its own.

These quarrels, and the interminable law-suits to which they gave rise, withdrew from its proper exercise that concentration of power and interest so marked in *The Spy* and *The Pilot*, and misled the too susceptible author into channels of invective and sarcasm, which only widened the breach between him and his countrymen, and taxed severely the popular recollections of his genius, and the splendor of his early successes. Of the works written to correct our national errors by the finger of scorn, the *Letters of a Traveling Bachelor*, the

Residence in Europe, and the *Letter to his Countrymen*, have been the most severely criticised; but those of a purely fictional character, *The Monikins*, *Homeward Bound*, and *Home as Found*, have always proved the most distasteful to the general reader. The two last, however, have many redeeming qualities, and we can by no means endorse the sweeping denunciations uttered against them by Simms and others. It is in these fictions that we find the lovely portraiture of Eve Effingham, one of the most delightful that Cooper ever drew; while the exciting scenes of the Chase across the Ocean, the wreck of the Montauk, the fearful perils of the Arab coast, the well managed "explanation" of Mr. John Effingham, and the final love scene at the close of *Home as Found*, are enough to overbalance any fault of political satire or spleen which the works may possess, even to the obnoxious portrait of Mr. Steadfast Dodge, the Yankee Editor, which, after all, is no more than a just portrait.

Another series of novels which has failed to attract the public mind—probably from the local nature of the incidents and reflections introduced—is the Littlepage tales, comprising *Satanshoe*, *The Chainbearer*, and *The Red Skins*, founded upon the anti-rent troubles in New York. The novel of *Precaution*, Cooper's earliest work, was another failure, but deserves remembrance for the fact that it awakened to consciousness the real powers of the author. Excepting two or three others, which are founded upon foreign incidents and scenes, there is scarcely one of Cooper's remaining novels which has not won a reputation beyond any ever anticipated for an American work. Even some that we have excepted, would have made a fame for any other writer.

It is only when we approach the sea and forest stories of Cooper, however, that we learn the wonderful strength and grace of the man. There is no feebleness or mistakenness of purpose here; but all is direct, glowing, grand. The failure of his first novel taught him a lesson of self-reliance and entire dependence upon his own powers, which he did not exhibit in that work. But he did exhibit it in *The Spy*; and the blaze of popular applause with which that remarkable narrative was greeted, has never been exceeded at the advent of any work of fiction to this day. Its reception determined the future of the author, and he produced at brief intervals of one or two years, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, *Lionel Lincoln*, *The Mohicans*, *The Red Rover*, and all their brilliant succession. Of the renowned Leather-Stocking tales, *The Pioneers*

was the first in the order of the author's creation, but ranks next to the last, according to the order of events; while *The Deerslayer*, though the last written, is in reality the first of the series. Chronologically, the five novels of which the Leather-Stocking tales is comprised, are arranged thus: *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*, and new readers will the better appreciate their connection by making their acquaintance in the same succession. It is through these novels that we trace the career of that wonderful creation of the novelist's pen, Natty Bumppo. No other character ever drawn by Cooper, endears the author more to us than this simple-hearted, noble child of the forest. Through the five successive novels, from his first claims to our notice as a brave, humane young hunter, to his final appearance in the affecting death-scene in *The Prairie*, "his picture is the very same, except in the changes natural from youth to age; and in all the rich variety of romantic and exciting scenes the artist was never for a moment tempted into repetition or extravagance." We doubt not the fame of Cooper depends as much upon this one character, as upon most of his other creations combined. In fact, we claim for him, that, in the delineation of this fine conception, he has achieved a success never surpassed in the language. Hetty Hunter and her sister, two of the loveliest female portraiture in the pages of fiction, add infinitely to the completeness of these novels.

The nautical novels of Cooper alone divide popularity with this vivid succession of pictures and portraiture of primeval life. Besides *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, and one or two others we have already named, they include *The Two Admirals*, *Wing and Wing*, *The Water Witch*, *Afloat and Ashore*, *Miles Wallingford*, *The Crater*, *Jack Tier*, and *The Sea Lions*. In repeating their titles, what pleasant recollections of genial hours which took wings with their perusal, will throng upon the memory, while the figures of Long Tom Coffin, Bob Yarn, Trysail, Tom Tiller, the honest Boltrope, Nighthead, and others which found a passing regard upon our acquaintance, rise up again familiarly before us, as if we had been afloat with them, creatures of actual intelligence, instinct with life and affection. It has been said that Cooper "treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion," and that "the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck, are presented by him with a freedom and breadth

of outline, a glow and strength of coloring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted with pen or pencil to paint the ocean." His very ships interest us like creatures of flesh and blood, we learn every rope and spar, and the sails become wings, beneath which we fly to realms of continually unfolding beauty and delight.

There are others of Cooper's novels which have won a supremacy nearly as great as others we have named. These are *Wyandotte*, and the *Oak Openings*, among the Indian tales; and *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Headsman of Berne*, and *Mercedes of Castile*, among those drawn from foreign subjects. The Bravo, Mr. Cooper himself regarded as the best of his works, or that one which best conveyed his own opinions upon political government.

It is not every book that one has read twenty or thirty years ago, and reads again to-day, which can hold the same sway over him now as then. The susceptibility of youth, and the judgment of maturer years, are widely different things; and only the strictest fidelity to nature, under a marked and original type, can survive the impressions of the former nascent period, to leave their lasting stamp upon our hardening years. "Mr. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity than they are in poetical interest to those of his most successful imitators or rivals. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness; and in the whole realm of fiction there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained. They evince not only the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character." In this consists the grand secret of Cooper's early success, and now still widening influence and popularity. On the same sure foundation rests the fame of Scott, the only novelist the world has produced who can be classed with Cooper.

It is possible that the success of the new library edition of Cooper's novels, with the illustrations by Darley, may induce the publishers to issue the whole remaining works of Cooper in supplementary volumes of similar elegant style and finish. The Naval History—

not the abridgment, but the full edition—the Lives of Naval Heroes, the ten volumes of Gleanings in Europe—which might be published in five—with miscellaneous papers, tracts, etc., we doubt not would meet a corresponding demand from an intelligent public, especially as there is now no satisfactory edition of any of these works, while many of them are entirely out of print. A Life of Cooper is also in preparation for publication, in the same elegant style as the novels. There is not a subject in modern literary biography, which will require a more delicate or skillful handling.

As for the volumes of the novels already published, we have only to say what we said in the beginning:—That library is incomplete which is without them. The words were never applied with greater aptness. We always thought our library honored with the presence of Cooper in any shape; and many of his works stand on our shelves, in the earliest and rudest editions. Rough enough looking they are, even to sublimity, some of them originally put together in paper covers, and bound—such binding!—after they had parted company with their own title pages, or some other palpable portion of their constituted whole, and had traveled on their shape into every corner of the land where a book-borrower was to be found. But now, as Leigh Hunt says, "now!" with the "Darley Illustrated," our library doesn't know itself, and it has notified these early occupants to quit. And such is the verdict wherever a volume of this splendid series of books has once found admittance.

CURIOS PROPERTY OF IRON.

In 1850, Mr. Marsh, an able chemist of the royal arsenal, England, discovered that it is invariable with iron, which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains or an impalpable powder, to become red-hot, and ignite any substances with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact is of immense importance, as it may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty iron, brought in contact with a bale of cotton in a warehouse or on shipboard, may occasion extensive conflagration and the loss of many lives. The tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the French chemist, Lemary, as far back as 1670.

THE FOUNTAIN OF IMMORTAL YOUTH.

BY MARIE.

THE curtain of night had fallen softly over the orange groves of Spain. The starlight wove its web of lights and shadows, amid the Cypress trees; and the winding rivers, flashing their shining waters in the moonbeams, gently, as a pure life glides into eternity, rolled their sparkling waves to the blue ocean. And though so gently the darkness came, and the sable queen pinned down its curtains with bright, unfading diamonds, and placed away up in the azure vault the silvery crescents; though every steeple flashed in the moonlight, like the reflection of a seraph's robe, yet all this beauty brought no joy to one who oftentimes had gazed in ecstasy upon the scene.

In a princely palace, where merriment ever dwelt, and bright forms flitted through the oaken halls, was an old and time-worn man. Soft music floated on the air, and voices, like the silvery chime of bells, fell upon his ear, yet he paced his silent chamber, still sorrowful and sad: only once he stopped from that ghost-like walk, as the voice of his daughter and a snatch of her song came wafted in by the breeze,

"Oh, the roses of youth cluster round our brows,
Sweet waters ever gush in our hearts"—

He heard no more, but sadly resumed his walk, saying, "Sing on, fair one. Life is sweet to you, and you warble your songs gayly, as do the singing birds, for youth's roses are bright upon your brows; but, upon mine, are only withered leaves. Your taper fingers are like snow-flakes, but mine are brown and shrunken. The lilies still in their whiteness, droop beneath golden tresses, while my brow is like the sear autumnal leaf, floating against a leaden sky. I cannot sing with you, for what is the creaking of the storm-wind to the wild bird's song? Oh, is there *nothing* to give me back my youth? No elixir to put its roses upon my brow? Oh, yes! I have it now: a new found land, like an emerald set in silver, lifts up its moss-clad banks, away out in the mighty waters. They call it America. Blessed land! They tell me fountains sparkle in the sunlight; and that he who bathes in their crystal waters will find immortal youth:—Sing on, now, fair songsters; you cannot disturb me, for I'll away to seek that boon of heaven, immortal youth!"

Months have passed, and away out upon the trackless deep a white-sailed vessel is nearing a sunny shore. The weary mariners are wild

with joy, for just beyond they see the magnolia raising its tall head, its blossoms, like snow drifts, playing among the leaves. The orange trees are bowing down with golden fruit, and the banana spreads out its tempting feast. Scarcely can you recognize that sad, unhappy man, who only a few short months ago knew no joy, in that commander who now leaps to the deck, and, waving his hands, shouts long and loudly,

"Florida! Florida! the land of flowers! the land of flowers!"

The boat has touched the shore, and leaping out on the green earth, he spies a fountain.

"Oh happy, happy De Leon, you have found it at last!" and so saying, he plunges into its pure waters; but oh! no change he sees; his withered hands are no fairer; his locks are still hoary. Many, many times he laves them, and at last sadly leaves it, with a bitter heart. He roamed through all that bright land, and bathed in every purling fountain; but his youth was gone; he could not bring it back, and, sorrowing, he at last sought his distant home.

Yet there is a fountain that will give immortal youth, and though he failed to find it, because he sought it not aright, we may seek it, and prove it a reality. Oh! then, you who would bloom forever, seek it! and like a true Ponce De Leon, lave in its waters. Though your frail earthly beauty may fade, yet your Soul will live on, and grow in brightness, until it is placed, a polished stone, in the temple where there is no need of the sun, for "the face of the Lord is its light."

LET IT RAIN.

BY ELIZABETH.

"How dark the clouds do look! I am afraid the clothes will all be wet through before I can get them in," said Milly, as she looked with one eye at her long line of white linen, and the other at the dark sky threatening to pour in torrents.

Just then little Jenny came running in all out of breath; "do you suppose it will rain before I can get home? dear, I hope it won't!"

At this moment Mrs. Wheeler came from her dressing-room in full rig—ribbons, laces, and silks, for a ride. "What a shower, dear me, I can't go, then!"

"Mary, child, shut the window, quick; this miserable damp air is all over me; I do have such a time, it seems to me!" and Mrs. Mills fell back upon her pillow, the picture of wretched discontent.

"Well, Olive, the wheat is all lost, every bit; this rain drives right through every cap down deep into the shock; what a fool I was; yesterday was Sunday, to be sure, but the wheat was dry and ready to be drawn in. I'll not let another good day go by when my grain is out."

"Why, you've been drawing all day, husband, and the rest is so well capped it won't get injured, I'm sure," his wife said, in a comforting tone; "it was the long hot rains that spoiled your wheat before, you know."

"Well, it will get wet—it will be a hundred dollars damage; if every bundle don't have to be unbound it will cost ten or fifteen dollars just to open it and get it ready for the barn; such shiftless work!"

"You've done the best you could, dear; yesterday—Sunday—you didn't know it would rain to-day, and if you had—why—maybe it wasn't best to draw in; if you have made any mistake it is in not getting another team and more hands; but it is all past, and it can't be helped; there, it is clearing up now, so keep up good heart."

A woman's words, even about things of which she is thought to know little, will always have their effect, and so you would have said had you heard the farmer husband, as his wife concluded, say in a little less confident tone than he began, "Well, I don't know."

Aunt Dinah was sitting in the little door of her little cabin, watching the passers by as they hurried to and fro; and she shook her red turban and laughed till the perfect rows of ivory shone behind the thick red lips.

"Dey all seems in a mighty hurry, half pushin' 'emselves down; no need dem frettin' ertselfs so; I tink dis rain des de bery ting we needs; what come of Dinah's ciste'n when de Lord didn't send de rain? I b'lieve it's Providence, cause how dem clothes look afore?" and the broad grin settled down into a look of undoubted satisfaction.

Illogical as Dinah's reasoning may appear, she exhibited feelings very like those away down in the depths of many a heart greatly superior to hers by birth and education, but possessing greater skill in the art of deceiving others, and even themselves. She rejoiced, as mankind in general, when she saw her own wishes gratified.

How selfish is poor human nature, and with what unthankful hearts we receive our blessings! We like to choose the time when, and the manner in which they shall come to us,

forgetting that in our weakness and frailty we can never apportion wisely the things of this life, to all, or even to ourselves.

Since we cannot hinder, or bring wind or rain, how much wiser would it be for us to take them just as they are sent. Suppose the ground is too wet already, and it still rains; or it is very dry, and the clouds hold back the wished-for blessing, how much shall we effect by fretting about it, or even wishing it to be thus or so; suppose a line full of clothes do get a drenching, will it help the matter any to keep wishing about it? the clouds will not fly over for fear of wetting them. It is right for us to provide against "wind and weather," but no sort of use to try to alter them.

It is rather a sadder matter to lose a whole field of grain, and be obliged to eat grown wheat bread for a year, and it is our positive duty to secure it if possible, but after having done the best we can, fretting, or the blues, or anything of the sort, will not help the matter in the least. We ought to remember how many blessings we have left that we do not deserve, and that in some way, perhaps unseen, these disappointments are intended for our good. If we try to profit by them they will not hurt us in the end—we may even have cause for great thankfulness that they were sent us to bear.

A GOOD REPUTATION.

THE young live much in the future. They are fond of gazing into its unknown depths, and of endeavoring to trace the outline, at least, of the fortunes that await them. With ardent hope, with eager expectation, they anticipate the approach of coming years, confident that they will bring to them nought but unalloyed felicity. But they should allow their anticipations of the future to be controlled by a well-balanced judgment, and moderated by the experience of those who have gone before them.

In looking to the future, there is one important inquiry which the young should make: What do I most desire to become in future life? What position am I anxious to occupy in society? What is the estimation in which I wish to be held by those within the circle of my acquaintance?

The answer to these inquiries from the great mass of young people can well be anticipated. There are none among them who desire to be disrespected and shunned by the wise and good; none who are anxious to be covered

with disgrace and infamy; none who seek to be outcasts and vagabonds in the world. The thought that they were doomed to such a condition would fill them with alarm.

Every discreet youth will exclaim, "Nothing would gratify me more than to be honored and respected as I advance in years; to move in good society; to have people seek my company rather than shun it; to be looked up to as an example for others to imitate, and to enjoy the confidence of all around me."

Surely there can be none so blind to the future, so lost to their own good, as to prefer a life of infamy, and its ever-accompanying wretchedness, to respectability, prosperity, and true enjoyment. But how are these to be obtained? Respectability, prosperity, the good opinion of the community, do not come simply at our bidding. We cannot reach for our hands and take them, as we pluck the ripe fruit from the bending branch. Neither will wishing or hoping for them shower their blessings upon us. If we would obtain and *enjoy* them, we must *labor* for them—EARN them. They are only secured as the well-merited reward of a pure and useful life.

The first thing to be aimed at by the young should be the establishment of a GOOD CHARACTER. In all their plans, anticipations, and prospects for future years, this should form the grand starting-point—the chief cornerstone. It should be the foundation of every hope and thought of prosperity and happiness in days to come. It is the only basis on which such a hope can mature to full fruition.

A good character, established in the season of youth, becomes a rich and productive moral soil to its possessor. Planted therein, the Tree of Life will spring forth in vigorous growth. Its roots will strike deep and strong in such a soil, and draw thence the utmost vigor and fruitfulness. Its trunk will grow up in majestic proportions; its wide-spreading branches will be clothed with a green, luxuriant foliage, and at length each limb and bough shall bend beneath the rich, golden fruit, ready to drop into the hand.

Beneath its grateful shade you can find rest and repose when the heat and burden of life come upon you; and of its delicious fruit you can pluck and eat, and obtain refreshment and strength when the soul becomes wearied with labor and care, or the weight of years. Would you behold such a tree? Remember, it grows alone on the soil of a good reputation. Labor to prepare such a soil.

To a young man a good character is the

best *capital* he can possess to start with in life. It is much better, and far more to be depended on, than gold. Although money may aid in establishing a young man in business under favorable circumstances, yet without a good character he cannot succeed. His want of reputation will undermine the best advantages, and failure and ruin will, sooner or later, overtake him with unerring certainty.

When it is known that a young man is well-informed, industrious, attentive to business, economical, strictly temperate and moral, a respecter of the Sabbath, the Bible, and religion, he cannot fail to obtain the good opinion and the confidence of the whole community. He will have friends on every hand, who will take pleasure in encouraging and assisting him. Blessed with health, such a youth cannot fail of success and permanent happiness.

But let it be known that a young man is ignorant, or indolent—that he is neglectful of business, or dishonest—that he is given to intemperance, or disposed to visit places of dissipation, or to associate with vicious companions, and what are his prospects? With either one or more of these evil qualifications fixed upon him, he is hedged out of the path of prosperity.

To cover up such characteristics for a great length of time, is a moral impossibility. Remember this, I beg of you. It is beyond the power of mortals to conceal vicious habits and propensities for any long period. And, when once discovered, who will repose confidence in such a youth? Who will trust him, or encourage him, or countenance him? Who will give him employment? Who will confide anything to his oversight? Who will render him assistance in his business affairs when he is straitened and in need of the aid of friends?

How can the young secure a good character? Its worth, its importance, its blessings we have seen. Now, how can it be obtained? This is a question worthy the serious consideration of every youth. Let me say, in reply, that a good character cannot be *inherited*. However respectable and worthy parents may be, their children cannot share in that respect, unless they deserve it by their own merits. If they would inherit their parents' good name they must imitate their parents' virtues.

A good character cannot be purchased with gold. The glitter of gold cannot conceal an evil and crabbed disposition, a selfish soul, a corrupt heart, or vile passions and propensities. A good character cannot be obtained by simply wishing for it. It is only by persever-

ing industry and patient toil, contented to take one step at a time, that his wish is gratified, and the good character secured.

Let the young fix their eyes upon this prize of a good reputation—the only end worth striving for in life. Let them studiously avoid evil practices, corrupt associates, and vicious examples. Let them patiently and faithfully lay the foundations of virtuous habits, and practice the lessons of wisdom and the precepts of religion, and in due time the prize shall be theirs. The spotless wreath of a virtuous character shall rest upon their brow, and the commendation, the confidence, and the good will of man shall accompany them.

LITTLE MARTYRS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A new "Book of Martyrs" is yet to be written, and one that will appeal as strongly to human sympathy as the terrible record of suffering made by Fox. It will not exhibit the writhing victim of cruel bigotry in the midst of consuming fire, broken on the wheel, or tortured by the rack—nor take the reader a long journey into the middle ages of darkness and superstition, where all things lie in a kind of dreamy indistinctness. It will be a book of the present time, and record the sufferings of children—not of men and women. Children in homes of luxury as well as in homes of penury. Children of Christian parents, as well as children of the vile and the vicious. If faithfully written, it will exhibit an aspect of human life quite as painful to contemplate as that presented to us in the old Book of Martyrs.

Not ours the task to write such a book. We could not linger over the details, nor torture other hearts than our own. The work must be accomplished by one of sterner stuff than we are made of. It will include two classes of martyrs—those sacrificed to neglect and cruelty, and those who fall victims to false ideas, and mistaken notions of duty and discipline.

How sad it is to think that among helpless children there is so much wrong and suffering, and that all over our grave-yards and cemeteries green mounds swell up from the level earth to mark the spots where sleep the little martyrs of our homes.

You look at us, bereaved mother, with a sober face and rebuking eyes, as if we meant you—as if, in our belief, the low-creeping periwinkle that covers with greenness and decks with spring blossoms the resting place

of your beloved child, but marks the spot where the bones of a martyr are laid—and you repel the accusation of cruelty implied in our words.

"Well, perhaps you are meant."

And now there is a flash of indignation as well as rebuke in your eyes, and we hear you say that it was by scarlet fever that your baby died. No mother cared for a child more tenderly than you cared for this lost darling.

But, for all that, the little hillock in the grave-yard on which your tears have fallen so many times, swells greenly above the grave of an infant martyr. Bear with us a little while as we revive some memories of your past. You recollect that fine theory of yours about cold water.

You look at us wonderingly.

Didn't your mother and kind hearted Aunt Mary remonstrate, over and over, against the cold bath to which that tender babe was subjected every morning? We need not remind you how the shrinking child clung to you and screamed, in dread of the icy plunge. But, you were wedded to a false idea, and sacrificed a helpless infant to your blind persistence. Somewhere you had heard it said that babies should have a cold bath every morning, to harden and make them healthy, and ignoring your mother's experience, and the plain common sense of the matter, you sent a cold chill daily to the heart of that shuddering little one, reducing the vital forces, and leaving, in consequence, many unguarded avenues where disease might gain an entrance. Don't you remember the blue lips, the cold little feet and fingers, the still languor that often followed these daily chilling ablutions? Ah, sad-hearted mother! that was all wrong.

The tender flesh of an infant loses heat too rapidly for exposure like this. How often did Aunt Mary plead for just one cupfull of hot water in the cold brimming basin to take off the chill, as she said? how often did your mother say—"Daughter, you will kill that child!" But, you heeded them not, being wise in your own conceit.

And now, let us remind you of that winter morning, when, floating in baby's bath-tub were bits of ice. You felt well and strong. The warm blood tingled in your finger tips, and glowed all over your body; but baby had been restless through the night, and now seemed dull, and inclined to sleep. But, you would wake him up with a laughing dip in the accustomed bath. Poor little sufferer! It was a cruel thing in you to plunge his warm little

body deep down into the icy fluid! Was there no pity in your heart? You laughed and talked to him gayly. But, was not this like mocking at his misery?

Well, there was no healthy reaction after this. He lay quieter than usual, or fretted, at times, all day. At night he was a little feverish. Ah! there was a fatal epidemic in the air, and you had taken away the power of resistance. He would have passed the danger safely but for this fatal bath. That threw the trembling balance against him, and he died of scarlet fever.

You don't believe it!

Neither belief nor unbelief can alter the fact.

It is cruel to say all this, even if true. Why lacerate a heart already bleeding?

If, by causing pain in your heart we can save other babes from martyrdom, our duty is clear. And so, we have told you the truth, hard though it is to be borne.

"But no such sin lies at my door," we hear from the lips of another.

You speak confidently.

"I had a tenderer heart than that. My darling's bath was always warm. But he went from me, by the door of death, heavenward."

Stricken down in the budding of life by his mother's pride and vanity.

Nay, do not flush so warmly! Turn away those indignant eyes.

You have spoken hard and cruel words against me."

Let us see if they do not involve the truth. That is what we are now searching after. We must not pause to ask who the truth will hurt. The past is crystalized in unchangeable facts, and for use in the present it is right to hold these facts up in the clear sunlight.

No, grieving mother, you did not sacrifice your child to ignorance and self-will. But, you laid him on another altar—the altar of pride and vanity. You are silent from astonishment at so overwhelming a charge. Be calm, and let us talk together. He was a beautiful child, and you were so proud of him. Yes, I see it in your eyes. There was never a prouder mother than you, and pride was stronger than love.

"Not true!"

Let us see. If love had been stronger than pride, would he have gone forth with naked legs on those frosty December days? A red spot burns on your cheek. If love had been stronger than pride, would that little white

bosom, and those fair, round arms, have been so often bared to the winds that tossed his glossy curls—cold winds, whose chill crept nestling in among the sensitive air passages, leaving there the seeds of inflammation and obstruction? Didn't the doctor say to you, on one occasion—"Madam, that is not safe?" and didn't you smile at his warning, and let the child go out, half naked, though the air was pressing in from the cold north-east, laden with moisture?

Not true? Think again. And didn't his anxious grandmother, around whose warm heart the child had entwined himself, remonstrate over and over again. But, he looked to your eyes—or, to speak more accurately, he looked to you through other people's eyes—so handsome in that Highland costume, that it was not to be thrown aside. Don't you remember how, on one cold day, nurse brought him home from his grandmother's, with his legs bundled up in a pair of thick woolen gaiters, and how provoked you were about it? "Just think of what a ridiculous figure he must have cut! What did the people think?" Those were your very words. There was no thought of the child's health or comfort—only of how he looked to other people! Think over all this calmly, and say if it be not so.

And now, that busy memory is at work, just call to mind that clear, bright day in March, when the sun shone out with such a spring-like promise. How lovely looked your darling as you held him up, fresh and ruddy, from his morning bath—a warm bath.

"The day is so fine, pet must go out."

So you tell nurse to get herself ready, while you dress him for a walk in the open air. But how did you dress him? Nurse said—

"Indeed, ma'am, I think it's too cold yet for bare little legs."

"Oh, he'll be warm enough," you reply, confidently.

"Hadn't he better have a scarf round his neck, ma'am?"

But that sweet white neck and bosom are too beautiful to be hidden from admiring eyes, and so you will not consent to the scarf.

Well, when he came home after an hour's absence, how lovely he did look! What bright eyes and glowing cheeks. But, he was just a little hoarse.

We need not go on. All the rest is too deeply imprinted on your memory. There was a sudden and violent attack of croup at midnight, and in less than twenty-four hours

the seal of death was on his pallid countenance.

Over the way has just been hung out a bunch of black crape, tied with a white ribbon. And so, the baby is dead. Dear little baby! How often have we looked at its pale, puny face, held close to the window pane. The doctor went there often, for the baby was sick a great deal; and no wonder, for the mother was a devotee of fashion. She never came down to the common work of nursing her offspring. They never pillow'd their heads on her white bosom, nor drew delight from the rich treasury of her teeming breasts. No—no—for she was a woman of fashion, and the leader of a set. And so, this delicate child was given over, almost entirely, to the care of a hired nurse—a woman who put away her own babe that she might receive wages for giving nourishment to the child of another—a woman of gross appetites and selfish nature.

The babe did not grow strong and beautiful, as a well cared for baby should grow. We see, in imagination, its thin, white face at the window opposite, and the old pity comes stealing into our heart. Last week a strange rumor ran through the neighborhood. The baby was seriously ill, and it was said that the nurse had given it an overdose of laudanum. It was also said, that, on being closely pressed, she had owned to the fact of a frequent nightly administration of anodynes. No wonder the baby was puny and sickly.

The pale, thin face was never seen again at the window, nor the little hands playing feebly with the tassels. And now, the bunch of black crape, tied with a narrow strip of white ribbon, tells the story of its departure. Day after tomorrow, or, at latest, day after that, the earth will be heaped above a little coffin, in which the mortal remains of an infant martyr will sleep in that rest from which there is no awaking, while the immortal spirit will have arisen and passed upward to the habitation of angels.

Will the mother, as she looks her last look on the waxy face of her dead babe, realize, in anything like an adequate manner, the sad truth that it died the death of a martyr—first having borne the slow torture of sickness brought on by her cruel neglect? We fear not; she is a selfish woman of the world; her heart is iced over. Alas! that to such should be committed these precious little ones.

It was once our fortune—no, our misfortune—

to live for a few months in the same house with a woman who had a mania for dosing her children. Poor little wretches! What a sad time they had of it. The mother actually had a medicine chest! Not homœopathic—oh, no; there was no such good luck in store for her unfortunates—but a regular calomel and jalap box, with scales for weighing out the crude poisons, and a measuring glass for determining the size of liquid doses. She was her own family physician, and so deeply interested in the profession that she was forever trying to extend her practice beyond the circle of her own sickly, cadaverous little ones.

Through colic, teething, whooping cough, measles, mumps, influenza, and the whole catalogue of ordinary diseases incident to childhood, she carried most of her little ones safely—that is, they survived the double attacks of disease and medicine, and, by virtue of naturally good constitutions, came through the trying ordeal—though not unscathed. On these occasions she would point to the skinny forms and wan faces as trophies of her skill, never for a moment dreaming that they were the miserable wrecks of her blind folly.

As intimated, all did not come safely through. There was one little girl with feebler vitality than the rest—a pale, pitiful, wee thing, who always looked at you as if she were asking sympathy. Her lips did not swell out roundly, into a sweet expression that tempted you to kiss them, but were drawn in and held closely together, as if guarding the sensitive palate from some disgusting assault. If you gave her anything to eat—a cake or a sugar plum—she would look at it narrowly before venturing it near her lips, and her first mouthful was ever taken with due caution. If her infantile memory could have been explored, we doubt if the first impression of delight that recorded itself as she drew the sweet draught from her mother's bosom, would have been found unblended with a sense of nausea so distinct as to send a shudder along her nerves.

Poor little one! How well she knew the taste of rhubarb and senna, of magnesia and squills. Sweetmeats were an offence to her, for, had she not been made, scores of times, to swallow nauseous drugs, or choking pills, concealed in their delusive attractions. In the hollow of her little arm were three scars, where the cruel lancet had drawn away the life-blood, which had never found its way back to her cheeks. The skin of her tender bosom had more than once been scalded off by blisters, while her temples bore the marks of

supping. The marvel was, that she had survived so long all these assaults upon her life.

"Don't you feel well, dear?" we said to her one day, as we came into the parlor and found her lying on the sofa.

"Not very well, thank you, sir," and she raised herself up in a weary way.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Does your head ache?"

"A little bit; but don't tell mamma, please, sir."

"Why not tell your mother, dear?"

"'Cause she'll give me nasty medicine."

We felt the full force of this reason.

"You don't like to take medicine," we said.

The child's stomach heaved from nausea created by the thought. She gave no other reply.

"Please don't tell mamma, sir. I'll lie here a little while, and then I'll be better. I don't want to take any medicine, it is so dreadful bad."

And the poor child laid herself down on the sofa, and shut her eyes in such a sad way that our heart was touched. For more than half an hour we lingered in the parlor, every now and then questioning the child as to how she felt.

"Better," she would always answer; and then add—"Don't tell mamma. I can't take bad medicine now."

But mamma entered while we were yet in the parlor.

"I'm not sick," said the little one, getting up quickly.

Professional instinct was alive.

"What's the matter?" the mother drew to her child at once.

"Nothing at all, mamma. I'm not sick."

"You aint. Let me feel your hand."

The poor child thrust her hand behind her.

"Give me your hand." The mother spoke almost severely.

"My hand isn't hot, mamma."

"Yes it is hot. I declare! the child has fever. Does your head ache?"

"No ma'am."

And yet, only a little while before, she told us that her head ached. Fear led her to equivocation and direct falsehood, poor child!

"Come up stairs," said the mother, taking her arm and leading her from the room. I caught a glance of her anxious, almost fearful

face, as she went out, and it haunted me for days.

A little while afterward her imploring cries of "No—no, mamma! I can't take it! Don't! don't! oh, don't!" rang through the house. Then there was a struggle, and sounds of choking and strangling, followed by a low, moaning cry that smote sadly on the ear, and continued until silenced by angry threats.

"How is Alice?" was inquired early in the evening, for it had gone forth that the child was sick.

"She isn't at all well," the mother answered, "but I've given her medicine, and hope to see her better in the morning."

That hope was not realized. The morning found Alice too sick to rise. The dose of rhubarb which had been forced upon her reluctant stomach, had not only irritated the mucous membrane of the whole alimentary canal, but, by means of the absorbents, had been thrown into the blood, and conveyed to all parts of the feeble system—destroying the trembling balance of health. If she had been perfectly well, an assault like this would have been attended by disturbing consequences, but, under a morbid condition, it had a most disastrous effect.

"Hadn't you better send for the doctor?" suggested one and another.

"I've given her more medicine this morning. She'll be better after that acts freely."

More medicine! poor child!

But she was not better, and the doctor was sent for. He did not approve of giving much medicine. Experience, philosophy, and observation had taught him, that nature was the great restorer. So he prescribed bathing in warm water, and a quieting draught.

"But, doctor, she is a sick child," urged the mother.

"I know she is," was answered.

"Wont time be lost?"

"For what reason?" asked the doctor.

"You are really giving no medicine."

"I fear she has already had too much. Give nature a little chance. I want to gain time."

And the doctor went away. But the mother was not satisfied. She had no faith in the let-alone system. So she tried her hand again; and this time more energetically. She was successful—in throwing her child into convulsions; and then there was an exciting time in the house.

When the doctor called in on the next morning, he pronounced the case hopeless. There

was congestion of the brain. Before night, little Alice was dead, and numbered with the martyrs of our homes.

How proud you were of that dear little fellow, whose mind opened in advance of his years. At twelve months, he could repeat a dozen different nursery ditties. When two years old, he knew all the letters in the alphabet by sight, and could put them together into words. At three, he could spell remarkably, and at four years of age read almost anything.

You encouraged this precocity, by showing him off to your friends. We don't wonder you were proud of him, for he was a bright, beautiful, intelligent child—and so companionable, with his thoughts beyond his years. He cared more for books than plays; and so his toys were books. We never saw him riding about on a stick for a horse, rolling a hoop, or trundling a velocipede. He had aspirations altogether above these, at the ripe age of seven.

What a fine intellectual face he had! Ample brow; dark glittering eyes, full of thought and feeling; a mouth as composed and expressive of purpose as a man's. There was no vain intrusiveness about him; no seeming consciousness of his intellectual superiority over other children of his age. If you talked to him, he would answer as he thought—how mature were his thoughts! Books were his delight, and he grew daily more and more fascinated with them. Milton and Shakspeare at seven! What were you thinking of, to feed his imagination with these?

How tall and slender he grew! And you admired the delicate grace of his proportions, comparing him with the coarse, rough, animal-looking boys of your neighbors, who, in your idea, only lived to eat and play.

Instead of repressing him at school, and holding his mind back among the easier rudiments, his teachers, proud of their pupil, as you were of your son, advanced him rapidly to higher studies, ranking him with boys his senior by many years. He came home daily with his satchel so loaded with books, that the weight of them tired him; and you let him go from the dinner-table, with his food lying yet unappropriated in his stomach, to the study of his hard lessons; thus allowing his brain to draw off the nervous vitality required for the work of digestion and assimilation—sacrificing the bodily powers to the intellectual. Were his tasks finished by supper time? O, no! not half finished. There was still the Latin les-

son; the page of Definitions; the lessons in Geography, Botany, Physiology, and Moral Philosophy! And so, after the evening meal, instead of a playful romp with little brother and sister, came two hours of hard study.

Have we exaggerated? No. The strange truth has not been fully told. We say strange, but truth is always stranger than fiction. To read of such insane violence to health—of such downright cruelty to children—awakens a kind of indignation. And yet, are not hundreds of thousands of school children in our land subjected to the discipline we have described. As if five or six hours of confinement and mental application were not a tax up to the full capacity of mind and body in a child, two or three hours more are required in close study out of school, thus robbing the physical system for the sake of the intellectual, and, of consequence, weakening both. It is a marvel that such things are! But, we are digressing.

At eight years of age, your beautiful, precocious boy showed signs of physical decay. First came wakefulness at night, and nervous terrors in the first stages of sleep. His appetite left him, and you had to urge, coax, and sometimes scold a little, in order to make him give to his stomach even the light burden of food it did not wish to take. His pale intellectual countenance attracted the eyes of every one. Mothers turned in the street to look at him, remarking, "What a strangely beautiful boy!" And there was an impression, if the thought were not spoken, that he was not long for this world.

But you did not take the alarm yet. His studies were not remitted. He still brought home the weary load of books, and still mastered tasks that were gigantic ones for a child of his years.

At nine he was so much of an invalid, that the doctor positively required him to be taken from school. How you grieved over this; not so much for the defect of health—you did not understand how serious the defect was—as for the great loss it would be in an educational point of view.

Poor child! Leaving school went hard with him; for he was enamored of his studies. For a little while, the relaxation and freedom from confinement and intense mental application produced a favorable change; but this, alas! was only temporary. Nearly all exercise was constrained; and, unless watched and remonstrated with, he would spend nearly the whole of each day in reading. There came, at this time, an unhappy change in his disposition.

He grew captious, irritable, and self-willed. The nervous wakefulness and terror by night returned upon him, harassing and debilitating him to a degree that occasioned fear lest fatal consequences might ensue.

"You must send him into the country, and keep him away from books," said the physician. And you sent him to the country. For a little while this change seemed to promise well. But the country air acted only as a temporary stimulus. In less than a month, you brought him home to die; and he rests now with the great company of little martyrs.

Go with us just a square from your luxurious home, fair lady, and we will show you a phase of baby life that will, we think, haunt your memory for days and nights, and set you to questioning about your duties and responsibilities as a Christian woman. Nay, do not hold back. Nerves are delicate things, we know, and sensibilities must not be too severely shocked. But shrinking nerves and pained sensibilities are light things, in comparison with wrongs and sufferings that might be lessened, if you would resolutely contemplate them. So, come with us. We will not detain you long.

You enter with us a miserable hovel. Ah, the first sound that falls upon our ears is the wailing cry of a little child! There it is, lying upon a bundle of dirty rags in the corner. It cannot be six months old! You shudder, and shrink back. But it is too late now to recede. If there is any pity in your heart, you must stay. Where is the mother? We call. Hark! There is a sound from the next room. A pause. All is silent again. We push open the door, and what a sight is revealed to us! A woman in tatters and filth, lying drunk upon the floor! Oh, horrible! You cover your face with your hands and shudder.

But the babe cries on in such a pitiful wail, that your heart is touched, and you go back and stand by the bundle of rags in the corner, bending over, but afraid to touch the repulsive looking object. Yet it is a babe, precious in the sight of God, and beloved of his angels! And their love is beginning to flow into your heart, which is now moved by pity, and your hand has reached down to the famishing little one.

"Are there no neighbors?" you say, looking around upon us with knit brows, and speaking like one in earnest.

Yes, there are neighbors. A woman next door saw us enter, and curiosity, if no better feeling, has drawn her in after us.

"I am a neighbor."

Your question is answered.

"Then take this child, in heaven's name, and do for it what is needed."

Yes, that is talking to the purpose. Pity you had not come before.

You cannot turn your eyes away. The woman has taken the baby on her lap—it still cries piteously—and you see that its face and head are a mass of sores. The wet rags only half cover its little, emaciated body, and you see that the flesh is red and excoriated. Poor little sufferer! Did you dream of anything like this within almost a stone's throw of the dwelling in which your little ones are so tenderly cared for? No—no! You tell the woman to take the babe into her own house, and that you will go home and send it changes of clothing. All this is done. You send, a few hours later, to ask about the little one, and word comes that it is ill. A physician is called; but he can only alleviate suffering. Death has already received his commission, and from the lap of pain another martyr will soon be translated.

Shall we go on in this darker, sadder way, taking you to the lower haunts of dissipation, vice, and crime, where children are born, and die from cruelty, want, and neglect, by hundreds and thousands every year? No; we have not the heart to go there, even if you would accompany us. We said, in the beginning, that ours was not the pen from which the new Book of Martyrs was to come, and that we should leave for one of sterner stuff the task of lingering over details that, whenever given, must cause strong hearts to shudder, and warm cheeks to pale. What we have written is for suggestion—a mere glimpse at the appalling truth which lies hidden beneath the fair surface of things—that you may pause by the way, and ponder the subject of infant martyrdom.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and grand jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. These fineries may serve to give effect on the stage or on a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold or diamonds.

WILLIE WICKENS.

A Story from Life.

BY MRS. M. J. STEPHENSON.

WILLIE Wickens was a little boy two and a half years old; he lived in a handsome white house near the Mississippi river in this State, (Illinois.) He had no brothers or sisters—so he took in, as a kind of playmate, his father's Newfoundland dog, Carlo. Fine times did the two have together. When Willie went to ride with his papa and mamma, Carlo followed close behind the carriage, always chasing away the other dogs that he encountered on the road—for he was a great big fellow himself—and wagging his tail for joy and laughing, (as plainly as a dog could laugh,) when Willie got out of the carriage. Carlo had a broad back, and Willie used to mount up on it and say, "Jee! Whoa!" And then the dog would walk around the yard, looking sly and quiet, for he knew he was carrying his little master.

One day, as Willie's mamma watched them both at play, she said to her husband, "I wish you would make a little wagon for Willie, and get some leather straps for harness, so that Carlo could draw him around."

The next time Mr. Wickens went to town, he got the boards to make the wagon; the country blacksmith did the iron work, and a set of old harness furnished enough pieces out of which to make Carlo's. But, who shall describe the joy of Willie, when he got into his own wagon, and got Carlo fairly under way, so that he would draw him about without whipping; he always cried when the dog was whipped, and for Carlo he seemed to know a little more than common dogs, and was attached to Willie with strict canine fidelity. He would canter along down the garden walks, as if it was only fun for him to trundle that little wagon with its owner. Sometimes Willie took along his little pail—it was a pretty painted one—and then Carlo knew he was going to pick currants, so he would stop at the currant bushes, and when the fine ones were picked off one bush, then they would go on to another. Willie's mamma went with them, and told her boy not to pick the green ones.

There were plenty of hens in the barn-yard, that used to lay eggs in the hay-stacks and in nests around the fence. Sometimes Willie would find one of these nests, and then after *shoo, shooing*, till he chased the hen off the nest, and set her and all the other hens and roosters to cackling, he would gather his hands full of the white warm eggs, and coming proudly to

his mother, would say, "perty edds, mamma, perty edds." But the trouble was, he would keep on carrying until he had emptied the nest—nest-egg and all—and then the hens would forsake it, and go look for another. Sometimes, too, his foot would trip on a stick or log, when he would tumble down, break his eggs—cry, if he was hurt, and then picking up his smashed treasures in the skirt of his dress, come dolefully toward the house, saying, "Edds broke, edds broke, mamma."

One sultry morning in August, Mrs. Wickens was going into the garden to pick some blackberries for preserves, and thinking to cheer up Willie, she told him to come along; but the little fellow sat crying on the kitchen floor, and refused to be pacified. "Want waandon, mamma, waandon and Tarlo," was his reply. His mother left him with the girl, and went into the garden, wondering what *had* happened to Carlo, he had not been seen for two or three days, and all were uneasy about him, for he was a valuable watch-dog, as well as Willie's playmate. Half an hour had not elapsed till Willie ran to his mother in such haste, and with such risk to her chrysanthemums and dahlias, that she left her picking, and took the nearest way to meet him. His countenance was now as radiant with joy, as it had before been sorrowful, and pulling at her dress he said, "Tarlo tum home, mamma; Willie want waandon."

Mrs. Wickens stooped and kissed the little lips that reached up to meet hers, smoothed back his soft brown hair, and told him that mamma was glad; she handed him a key to give Sarah, who would get him his wagon, and then thanking God for her beautiful boy, returned to her garden work. She, sometimes, now looks back to this period, and thinks that here the sunshine was broken off her life—but we will not anticipate.

It was dinner-time, the "hands" had washed in the porch, and Mrs. Wickens was laying a dish of ham and greens on the table, as her husband entered and asked where was Willie.

"O, he's gone off somewhere with Carlo, I suppose," was the reply.

"Carlo, is Carlo back?" said he, hurriedly.

"Yes," said Mrs. W., "I wish you had seen Willie's joy about it," and she laughed outright, as she thought of her boy's sunny face, and then went on giving Sarah directions about the dinner.

As for Mr. Wickens, a presentiment of evil fell upon him, reports of mad dogs had that day reached him; (Neighbor Blair's cows had

been bitten, and another man's hogs were supposed to be;) he would not alarm his wife, but hurried out anxiously in search of his boy. He went first to the barn-yard, calling "Willie! Willie!" then to the straw pile, and then ran through the orchard to the sugar maples at the west end; here he found him. As he approached, he saw that Willie was crying, and vainly making efforts to put the harness on Carlo, who stood by grinning and snapping, with red eyes and saliva flowing from his mouth. But the worst was yet to come. Willie turned his face to his father—it was torn and bleeding; and then a wail of grief broke from the strong man, such as men never utter when they are being shot down on the battle field. The dog slunk away, as he approached—he was shot down a few minutes after by the workmen—and clasping his boy in his arms, he ran to the house as if for his life. One of the servants was dispatched for a doctor. Excision is generally resorted to in such cases; and it was performed, together with all accessory helps, and fond hopes were entertained that Willie would recover.

Two weeks had passed away, ere the symptoms of hydrophobia began to develop themselves; then the child grew fretful and uneasy; his play had no longer any charms for him; he would lie down languidly on the sofa, and a minute after start up frightened; he slept badly at night, and breathed with difficulty; a day or two more, and he was unable to drink water. The usual symptoms of advanced hydrophobia succeeded; violent convulsions affected the whole body, painfully distorting the muscles of his sweet little face. No wonder that it was with a "Thank God!" his agonized mother welcomed on the twentieth day the grim messenger, that robbed her household of its one pet. Grave-yards are often distant, and widely separated in the West, and this has probably been the cause of so many family burying-plots. Sometimes it is a corner of the garden where the first little mound is raised; again it is a shady spot on the farm, some distance from the house; but it is generally a *pretty spot*, such as we would love to sleep in ourselves, when we lay off this earthly covering.

In a corner of the garden, then, where he so often rambled, lies the mortal remains of little Willie. Moss roses and mignonette shed their fragrance and beauty about the spot; and, while he is now nearly forgotten by all save his parents, we love to think that the soul—the real Willie—is bright and happy in one of our Father's mansions.

The writer often thinks of a baby sister who died in infancy; is she a baby still?—such a little waxen beauty as we laid away in that narrow box—or has she blossomed out into a fair young girl in the beautiful climate of that unseen shore?

O, ye bright and early blest,
We would breathe a soft adieu,
Yet while envying such a rest,
Why should tears be shed for you?

Fair Haven, Illinois.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER V.

It was the fourth day after my aunt's interview with our landlord. During that time his name had not been mentioned in my presence, for I had not passed an hour of the day or night outside of my brother's room; and every thought and faculty of my being had been absorbed in interest for him.

He lay most of the time in a stupor, though he would occasionally rouse up, and the old brightness would flash into his face; and he would converse cheerfully awhile, and seem to be in nowise aware of his feeble condition.

He was restless and nervous when he was not sleeping, and liked to have me by the bedside, and to hold my hand, and stroke the fingers with his long, thin, transparent ones; and one day he drew off a plain gold ring, (our mother's wedding one,) from the third finger of my left hand.

"Let me wear it, Constance; I like the flash of it when a sunbeam strikes it," waving it back and forth in the light.

"Certainly, dear, you shall wear it; but, don't you know I never could persuade you to wear the little seal ring I gave you five years ago?"

"I know it—see there—it won't stay."

For the ring had slipped off his finger on the coverlets.

He replaced it on my finger with a sigh. "Once I could not have worn it, and now!" he said thoughtfully, and half to himself, and he held up his hands and surveyed them mournfully. They were all seamed with blue veins, and white and diaphanous as the hands of the dead.

"They don't look like my hands, Constance," he said, sorrowfully; then a smile flickered over his face, a smile full of peace and content, a smile whose memory soothes

and comforts my heart now, as I sit here writing of it amid my tears.

My aunt had not informed me that the sheriff had called and served a writ of ejectment the day after her interview with Mr. Hughes. I think her feelings were too much paralyzed by one grief, to suffer much anxiety as to any measures which the landlord might pursue, and she had listened to the sheriff as one in a dream, just as she went about her household duties; for neither life nor death could save her from these.

So, that fourth morning dawned stillly over our house—stillly as over it, unseen by our eyes, unheard by our ears, was being unfurled the banner of the King of Death. Alfred seemed brighter that morning; he chatted with Grace and Lou, as they came in to kiss him before going to school; and when we were alone, and I was busy sprinkling some water on the basket of blossoms, he presently called to me,—

“Constance, I want to look at you.”

I was at his bedside in a moment, and he took my hands, and searched my face with his great, beautiful eyes.

“Oh, how thin and pale and anxious it's grown!” he said, tenderly: “It's killing you, Constance, to be shut up here in this little room all the time. You must take a walk to-day.”

“But I don't like to leave you, Al.”

“Oh, pshaw! I haven't felt so well for a week, and there'll never another rose grow in your cheeks, till it feels the touch of the sun-shine, and the winds are like May to-day.”

“Just like May, as soft and fresh; I will go out a few blocks, and aunty will stay with you.”

He did not speak, but his eyes kept themselves with a kind of yearning tenderness on my face.

“What are you thinking, Al?”

“What a good, kind, tender sister you've been to me, Constance, and how I shall tell our father and our mother in heaven, what you have done for me!”

“Oh, Alfred!”—but here the heavy, boisterous sound of men's voices along the hall and on the stairs, struck the words back from my lips.

They came nearer, and I heard my aunt's frightened, appealing voice: “You must not go in there; it will surely kill the boy.”

And a coarse rough voice answered her, “I'm used to such things, madam. My orders was to turn every article in this house into the street; and I can't stop now.”

Alfred had sprung up in bed; he clutched hold of my shoulder,—and I see this moment the wild ghastly face which he turned on me.

“Oh, Constance, what are they going to do?” Even then my presence of mind did not forsake me, probably because suffering had so paralyzed my nerves, that they could not respond to any excitement.

I laid the invalid back tenderly on his bed. “Don't be frightened, dear boy. They shall not come in here;” and I started for the door.

But I was too late. I had scarcely reached the middle of the room, before three large, coarse looking men entered, one of whom rudely said to me: “Sorry to disturb you, madam; but I'm the sheriff, and my orders are to put all the furniture in this house into the street.”

“Whatsoever your orders are, sir, I order you this instant to quit this room, because you are endangering the life of a very sick person. I know the law in this matter as well as you do; and if you do not obey me, I shall call the police to put you out.”

The sheriff hesitated; I heard one of his assistants whisper to the other, “That gal's got good pluck anyhow,” emphasizing his remark with an oath.

Then a cry startled us all: a cry whose fearful terror rings through the years, and smites my heart still; and Alfred sprung wildly from the bed, and attempted to rush forward; but he fell upon the floor—the blood gurgled from his mouth—

The sheriff was thoroughly frightened now; he stepped forward, and would have lifted the dying boy; but I know it was with the look of a hunted lioness that I turned on him. “Touch him, if you dare!” and with the new strength that seemed suddenly to fill every fibre, I lifted him up, and laid his head tenderly in my arms, while the bright crimson rivulet oozed faster from his lips. My aunt had come into the room frozen into stone with the sight that met her eyes; and the men stood near, gazing from one to another with terror in their countenances. At last that ashen hue which has blighted all the beauty and bloom of every face which ever gladdened the earth, gathered over Alfred. He opened his eyes, and their dying light was shed upon my face; he pointed upward, and whither he pointed went the next moment the soul of my dearly beloved brother, Alfred English!

Our Father who art in Heaven, Thy will be done!

The men went out of the room and out of

the house silently. They knew they were in our power then, and that we could have made them pay very dearly for the work they had done; but they could not summon back to the cold beautiful clay the soul they had hurried out of the world!

Alone with our dead, my aunt fell into convulsions of grief; but I was calm. I did not shed one tear. I still held the dear form to my heart, and smoothed the bright curls from the cold forehead, tenderly as our mother had done, when Alfred was her little smiling baby.

Doctor Lee was the first person that entered the room; his one shocked, terrified glance, comprehended all.

It was he who took Alfred very gently from my arms, and composed the delicate limbs, and soothed my poor aunt into quiet; and it was his voice which at last woke up a quiver of feeling in the heart which I thought had broken with Alfred's.

"Now, my dear child, tell me how this happened. I had not looked for his going so suddenly and in this way," said the doctor, seating me in the easy chair, and looking anxiously in my face. And I told him much more calmly then than I have written it now.

The physician walked up and down the room, his face working and his hands clenched together.

"Every one of these men shall be arrested before night," he cried. "Miss Constance, your brother was murdered!"

"I know it," I said quietly, "he was murdered!"

The doctor started for the door. Then a thought flashed through me. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"To see the landlord—to make this the costliest day's work he ever undertook."

"Doctor Lee," I said, "promise me that you will bring that man back with you; bring him to me—he will come with you. Tell him nothing of what has transpired—only bring him to me."

The doctor looked at me doubtfully: "My dear child, it is not in my heart to refuse you anything, but you are not able to bear this interview; I fear its effect upon your reason."

"You need not. You will not refuse me. It is my right, and Alfred is my brother."

"I will bring him; and if the man's heart is not quite stone, the sight of you will drive him mad for the rest of his life."

And the doctor went; and I paced up and down the room, into which every inmate of the

house began to pour, with exclamations of sorrow and pity, and sobs and tears.

"My child, Mr. Hughes is in the parlor." Half an hour after he had left me, Doctor Lee returned with this announcement.

"I am going down to see him all alone; you will see that everybody is sent out of the room this instant."

"But you cannot get down stairs without help," putting his arm around me.

"I can walk very steadily, doctor. I am very firm and strong; only see that he is here when we come up."

The doctor understood now. "You may depend upon me, my poor child," he said.

Mr. Hughes was standing coolly at the window, with his hands behind him, looking out on the street, when I entered.

The doctor had fulfilled his promise to the letter, and the landlord had no intimation of what had just transpired; for had he known the truth, he certainly could not have been induced to enter the house. I learned afterward that he only knew Doctor Lee by his reputation; and that he so readily consented to accompany him, because he concluded that, as so influential a man was our friend, he would probably devise some method of paying the rent, rather than see us turned into the street.

Mr. Hughes started, as I came toward him. "Good morning, ma'am," he said; but his face changed as he looked on mine. I laid my hand on his arm, and said low and sternly: "Come with me, sir; I have something to show you." He did not demur; my face, my manner must have appalled him, and the sudden surprise deprived him of his usual self-possession. At all events, he followed me without speaking a word, though I am certain it must have been with inward reluctance. I led him up two flights of stairs, straight to my brother's room. No one but the dead was inside of it; and I closed the door, and pointed to the bed. He lay there, with the still smile on his white lips, a sight to have moved anything but stone.

"There he is, Mr. Hughes—my brother, Alfred English, and you have killed him. I lay this to your charge this hour; the dead before us, and God being my witness, that this was done by your brutality. *You are his murderer!* Carry this thought with you out of this house, carry it through all the years of your life, and confront it at the judgment before that God, who will remember that you did not listen to the prayer of the widow and the orphan."

I said this in slow, calm words, with that dead smiling face before us, and looking into Mr. Hughes's all the time. It grew purple, then livid; he opened his lips to speak, but the sound died in a hollow murmur. I might have triumphed then, if there had been triumph in my heart; for I knew that rich man would have given thousands of his gold and his lands to have brought one pulse of life back to those white lips—to that still heart. I knew that, as we stood there together—the ghastly realities of his own life rose up and confronted him; that he saw in its true hideousness the one aim and purpose of his soul, and what the greed of gold was when it should be held up in the light of eternity.

The second time the man opened his lips to speak I silenced him. "There lies your answer," and I pointed to the dead. "Now go."

And he went without word or sign—self convicted—and I knew that Abraham Hughes would carry the remembrance of that hour to his dying day.

And when he had gone the calm broke. I laid my cheek down to Alfred's with a great cry—"Oh, my brother! my brother!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Thank God—oh, thank God!" I said these words with deep, joyful reverence and gratitude, as I put down my pen, and buried my face in my hands. At last my work was completed, and I had written another book. Days and nights of eager, delicious toil had been granted me—days and nights in which I had dwelt in that inner world which had grown more real than the world about me.

I had *lived* every scene which I had written. All the tragedies of life and death, of love and sacrifice, of hope and patience, which were written on those pages, seemed to have surged through my own soul, while my pen kept its ceaseless travel along the lines.

I knew that book would strike responsive chords in human hearts—that it would stir fountains of tears, and kindle sweet and sacred memories in many souls, for never before had such utterance been granted me—never before had human life unveiled its sanctities and mysteries and issues to my imagination as then.

It was the time of the harvest reapers, and as the spring had been glorious with blossoms, so the summer was gracious with bounty, and that afternoon was filled with soft, sauntering

winds that came from the still sea, and cooled its hot forehead with their kisses.

We had left New York the spring following my brother's death, more than two years before, and we had settled in a New England village, laid softly to sleep betwixt the hills and the sea.

The city was too full of painful associations for us to endure the thought of remaining in it, and our long struggle there had worn too heavily on the health of Aunt Abbie for her to continue the supervision of a boarding-house.

We had moved the week following Alfred's burial, and we had had no farther trouble from our landlord, who probably was glad enough to escape without having his conduct a matter of litigation, as we were advised to make it.

But the excitement of a law-suit in the midst of that great sorrow was something from which we all recoiled, and Doctor Lee had an interview with Mr. Hughes, during which he held up to the man's gaze his own brutality in such light that he winced, and turned pale, and attempted some defence of his conduct; but he was cut short by Doctor Lee's stern—"Sir, don't speak to me, nor attempt to palliate your cowardly oppression. I look on you with a blush of shame that such a man belongs to my sex—a man whose conduct to that dying boy and his helpless family, if publicly known, would brand him forever as a coward and a villain." And Doctor Lee left him.

The physician was the best of friends to us afterward, and it was through his influence that we removed to Beachwood; and the pretty cottage we rented, with its enticing bit of sea-view on the west, and the beautiful landscape on the other side, which swept from the door to the mountains ten miles away, made the little cottage nest a very attractive spot; and life was not the burden it had been to us in the city.

Dr. Lee sent us some boarders every summer, refined, intelligent people, after our own hearts; Grace counted her sixteenth birthday when the robin sang its first spring song in the old apple tree, and then the small, girlish figure, and bright, shy face, was duly installed in the great arm-chair of the "south side" school-house, while its tremulous occupant became an object of interest and suspicion to some three dozen gaping, barefooted, obstreperous boys and girls; and Louise attended the academy, and I—I wrote during those two years when utterance was granted me, and

assisted Aunt Abbie in her household cares—and slowly, very slowly, strength returned to my shattered nerves, and life was not to me quite the gray, blank waste it had been. The trees put on a few blossoms, and sometimes the little birds of hope came and sang there, but not the fresh, glad songs of my youth.

"See here, Constance," and Louise bounded into my room, twirling her straw hat in one hand, and carrying a small basket in the other.

She was only thirteen, and small of her years, with a bright, irregular face, and genial eyes, and brown curls, with threads and touches of gold in it.

I always enjoyed looking at the child. She was the youngest, quick, vivid, full of the glow of youth, and the country breezes had kindled into her cheek the soft roses which the city had blurred out of it.

"Well, what is it, dear?" watching the glimmer of the threads of gold in the brown, restless head.

"Don't you know what you promised me last night?"

"No; I don't remember making any promises."

"Of course not; authoresses never do when they get over their work; but you did, last night, just after tea, while you were stooping to smooth Aunt Abbie's collar."

"Well, what was the promise?"

"That you'd go out and help me gather mulberries for tea in the old lane back of the turnpike. The branches are *just* as full. Two black trees and one white one, and they come down in showers every time the wind touches the boughs."

"Well, I'll go, Louise."

"And you won't be in *such* a dreadful hurry to get back to your book, and have your eyes away off, and you'll hear when I speak to you?"

"Oh, yes," smiling at these very suggestive queries. "You may count on my good and rational behavior for several weeks at least. I've finished my book, Lou."

"Oh, Constance!" and she clapped her hands and danced round me for joy, while I tied on my straw hat.

"Is there anything in the book which I shall like?"

"Oh, yes; there's a long story about a girl just your age, whose youth was very full of struggle and trial, amid coarse, harsh sur-

roundings, such as my little sister never dreamed of."

"Poor thing! and did she never get out of her troubles?"

"Oh, yes, after a long time of courage and endurance, and patient waiting; but I shant anticipate my story. You must wait and read it."

A pleasant walk through the fields, of about half a mile, brought us to the mulberry trees. The white and black berries freckled the thick grass in the lane, and every gust of wind struck down the saccharine fruit in showers of jet and snow.

I was very happy that afternoon, and Lou's light talk, and the light ripple of her laughter, made a low, pleasant tune to the thoughts that filled my heart.

"You like the black berries and I the white ones, so we'll each take our tree, Constance, and I set the basket between the two. Oh, won't it be fun!" seizing hold of the lowest branch, and swinging herself back and forth.

"Capital! oh, Lou, it makes me feel like a little girl again, when I used to go down to the creek in dear old Woodford, to gather mulberries for mamma to make pies," and I mounted on the old stone wall which girded the wheat field, and commenced plucking the berries, and then a thought struck through me that was like a sharp pain, for I remembered who was always my companion in those rambles—the handsome boy—I could see him now, his golden head fluttering in and out among the trees, and the ring of his laugh, as the echoes caught and tossed it back and forth, seemed to fill the air once more.

"What is it, Constance?" asked Lou, for I had paused suddenly, and pressed my hand to my heart.

I could not bear, just then, to darken that bright face with the name of the dead, so I answered, "Nothing has hurt me, dear," and went to work again, quieting my heart with that thought which is the best balm and healing for all hearts that suffer—"Thy will, oh God, be done!"

"There! the basket's full. How I wish I'd thought to bring another!" exclaimed Louise, looking at the variegated heap in the basket.

"Well, we'll come again to-morrow, Lou, if the day is like this—a gorgeous arabesque set in the heart of July."

I did not add this last remark for Lou's benefit, but as a sort of acknowledgment and recognition of that complete and perfect day whose golden light was going out softly upon the hills.

in the west, and gilding the white sails of the schooners as they walked in snowy stateliness upon the waves.

"Oh, no, Constance, we're all going down to the shore to dig clams to-morrow—you, and Aunt Abbie, and Grace, and I."

"Well, that is romantic, I must confess. I can't come down quite so quick from the dignity of authorship to that of clam digging." I laughed.

"Yes you can," interposed Lou, very earnestly, for she was a practical little body, and accepted my remark literally. "I tell you it's just the finest fun in the world to see the clams hopping in and out of the holes in the damp sand, and to catch 'em with your hoe before they are out of sight. Oh, it's a great deal pleasanter to dig clams than to write poetry," endeavoring to make her comparison as forcible and alluring as possible.

"Is it, pussy?" stroking the small, round, dimpled chin. "Well, after such an eloquent presentation of the beauties and mysteries of clam digging I feel quite stimulated to try it."

"Then you'll go, really?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear!" in an altered tone, "there goes my shawl up in the tree."

It was, in reality, a small silk scarf, which the freshening breeze from the sea took off the child's shoulders, and carried up midway among the branches.

At that moment a carriage turned suddenly from the turnpike into the lawn. I saw at a glance that it was occupied by two gentlemen, that one was past his prime and the other in his youth. Both were fine looking, and there was a very traceable resemblance between the old and the young face.

The gentlemen looked at us with a good deal of interest as we stood under the tree.

"Just see how they stare at us," whispered Lou, drawing near me.

"Hush! they'll hear you."

But the words had barely fallen from my lips when the carriage stopped. There was a hasty consultation betwixt the old and young man, which ended in the words that I caught in a good humored tone, "Well, then, do as you like, my boy. I used to be up to just such tricks when I was of your age."

The gentleman leaped from the carriage and approached us. He removed his hat with a grace that would have been noticeable in any court, and spite of the gravity of his face and voice, there was a little twinkle of fun in his eyes as he said, "I see your shawl has taken

flight. Will you permit me to regain it for you?"

"Thank you," I said, "it is not worth your trouble, and Louise here will not pay a very heavy penalty for her carelessness by returning home without it."

"It is no trouble. I am only obliged to your sister for giving me an opportunity to believe I am a boy again," and he sprang up the tree with graceful agility, caught the scarf, which had not ascended high among the branches, and in a moment it was on Lou's neck. I was a good deal amused, and a little embarrassed, so I don't think my thanks were very voluble, or as gracefully expressed as the occasion demanded; but the gentleman affirmed that he was the obliged party, and we interchanged a few very appropriate remarks on the weather and the landscape, and with another of his graceful bows he left us. I caught the old gentleman's remark as the younger re-entered the carriage—"Well, my boy, that was gracefully done. You must have made a decided impression."

"I know who they are," suddenly ejaculated Louise, who had been watching the disappearing carriage with some perplexity in her face.

"Who?"

"Judge Allyn and his son. I thought I'd seen the old gentleman somewhere, and I remember now that Annie Wilbur, the judge's niece, told me that they were expecting Henry home next week. Isn't he splendid, Constance?"

"Take care of your flowering adjectives, my little girl."

"Well, I mean isn't he—charming—interesting?"

"Quite the latter, in face and manner," taking up the basket of mulberries. "But it's almost sunset, and aunty will want her berries for supper."

"I think it was quite singular that Judge Allyn's son should have paid us all that attention, don't you, Constance?" remarked Lou, as we walked up the lane, and she smoothed the brown shawl with a new respect.

"Rather singular, I must confess; but he is evidently used to rendering chivalric attentions to young ladies."

"They are very rich people, and live in such style in that gray stone house on Prospect Hill. They are very aristocratic, too; his sister Maude calls on only half a dozen families in Beechwood."

"Not very flattering to 'Sister Maude's'

benevolence or graciousness of soul, if it is to her exclusiveness."

"Well, you know, Constance, rich and elegant people like her *must* be careful about their acquaintances," said Louise, in a half apologetic, half philosophical tone, for she had a very appreciative perception of fine houses and elegant dresses, and all those outward concomitants which go so far in determining one's rank in the social scale.

"But, rich and elegant people have power and position, you know, which it is their duty to use, as we should all God's gifts, for the benefit of others."

Lou was silenced, but not quite convinced. Girls of thirteen are usually instinctive aristocrats, and have to double their lives before they can be tolerable philosophers. Just then the village clock struck seven.

"Oh, dear!" said my sister, "I know tea's waiting for us. Now, let's both start together, and see which will get to the rye field first."

It was a long run, but Lou's little feet glanced over the ground like a bird's, and she reached the brown bars and tossed up her straw hat triumphantly in the air before I came up with her.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come, Constance—it only wants ten minutes of three, and you must get ready for the shore. I'm expecting the girls every minute."

Aunt Abbie's voice came down the garden to me, where I was busy pulling away the weeds from a cushion of heliotrope.

During the whole day I had been idling about, with that delicious sense of rest and freedom which follows a season of hard, protracted labor; yet it was rather rest of nerves and overtired brain than of heart and soul, for I remember that, as I braided my hair at the mirror, I sighed to myself with a sort of vague, indefinite longing and weariness.

For my life was not *satisfactory*. There was nothing full, or rich, or complete about it; it was all set in gray, tranquil colors, and I had before me the slow and recurring task which is the great work of highly imaginative temperaments—of reconciling "the outward life and inward impulse."

There was that wider craving and yearning in my heart which that quiet village life in our little cottage could not satisfy—a hunger, and thirst, and feverishness, which was never appeased, except when I was absorbed in my work.

The richness, and beauty, and meaning of

life seemed half locked up to me in those still days that went over me, each so much like the other. I had that intense, emotive nature which makes a tragedy of life, and I was still in my blossoming youth, and the music of its lingering vibrations were still in my soul.

Of course, there was nothing which could permanently satisfy this hunger and thirst but a living faith—that faith which looks out from the Present, with its hard, cold facts, to the eternal love which governs all lots, and which will redeem all its promises to those who trust it, filling the heart with patience, and cheerfulness, and peace.

I found Lou's picture of "clam digging," with its concomitants of scenery and excitement, was not unduly exaggerated.

We had, altogether, a merry time of it, burying our hoes in the soft, damp sand, and bringing its hidden treasures to light.

There was quite a party of us in all—several of our neighbors, and two lady boarders, who were passing the summer with us for the benefit of sea air, having joined our pedestrian excursion; and the breeze from the sea, the tide coming softly in, and running, with its white feet, to and fro along the sands—the chase on the beach, and the silver shells which glanced like pearls about the shore, and which I gathered with something of the old child delight, all made the excursion a hilarious one.

"Oh, Constance!" suddenly cried out Louise, as she was assisting Grace to light the faggots which had been gathered a little way off in the woods; "I've got something funny to tell you. I forgot all about it. Come off here a moment."

"No, Lou, I can't spare you yet," interposed Grace. "You've just got to stay by and watch these clams, while I go and help Aunt Abbie set the table."

And she sprang up, laughing as she shook out the folds of her dress, and gave a somewhat doubtful glance at the kettle which she had just set on the burning faggots. "It looks rather ticklish. I wouldn't wonder if it came tumbling off."

Grace was a slender, pale girl, with a fair, thoughtful face, and eyes that had a look of Alfred's in them, and hair a shade darker than Lou's.

It seemed to me that she had never looked quite so pretty as she did at that moment, with the flushes in her delicate cheek, the sleeves rolled away from her small, round arms, and the wind tossing her brown, soft hair about her cheeks as she stood on the sands that sum-

mer afternoon. The two sisters were very unlike; Grace was just like her sweet, regular, gentle face, thoughtful, loving, sensible; Lou was vivid, erratic, impulsive, full of swift lights and shadows, and all changes—like her bright, irregular face.

I was thinking of all this as I gazed on the two girls, when Lou, who had been adding fresh faggots to the fire, under Grace's supervision, suddenly interposed—"Now, Grace, it's all right. I'll stay here till the clams are done, and Constance will help me lift them off."

Grace was hardly out of hearing of our voices, when Lou turned to me in her eager way, with a sudden catching of her breath—"Don't you think, Con—oh, my goodness!"

For at this moment the kettle of clams, which had occupied a very insecure position on the faggots, came down suddenly at our feet, scattering its contents far and near on the sands.

Lou clapped her hands—the willful girl, and shouted until the echoes in the woods caught up the merry peal, and tossed it back and forth in sweet notes that made me stop awhile to listen to them before I bent down. "Come, Lou, it won't do to stand laughing there now. You must help me gather up these clams, and have them back on the fire in a hurry, or we shant have them cooked for supper."

Supper was over, and while Aunt Abbie and the girls were busy gathering up the dishes, and stowing them away in the baskets, I stole down to the sands to have a little private interview with the ocean.

There it lay, blue and smiling before me, the sun dropping a precious jewel of gold into the heart of every wave that came dancing and singing, with its little song of life, to the shore. Far off were sloops and schooners, spreading their white sails like great silver blossoms, out on the broad, blue deep.

The cool winds came and played with my hair—the mighty "hallelujah" of the ocean was in my ears, and the old psalm of the Poet King was in my heart—"Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together," when a small hand stole into mine.

"Constance, I want to tell you now—"

"Some other time, please, dear; I'm not in a humor to listen now."

"But you must," persisted the child. "Don't you think, as I was coming past Judge Allyn's this afternoon, his son came out of the gate and spoke to me."

"Good afternoon, Miss," lifting his hat

just in the way he did yesterday, you know. 'Will you allow me to inquire if your shawl met with any further catastrophes before you reached home last evening?'

"No, sir," said I, "I pinned it on tight after you gave it to me." Was that right, Constance? You know I felt a little frightened to talk to so very polite a gentleman."

"Quite right, little Midget," smiling on the bright face that had grown into a very unusual gravity.

"Well, don't you think he walked a long way with me after that, and asked a host of questions about where I went to school, and how long we had lived here, and so on; and pretty soon I felt well acquainted, and chatted on with him just as ever."

"At last he said, 'That was your sister, Miss Constance English, that I saw yesterday, I believe?'

"Yes," said I, "that was Constance."

"I had the pleasure of reading one of her books last winter, and I enjoyed it very much," he answered.

"Oh, she'd just finished another book yesterday afternoon—that was why I got her to go off to the mulberry trees with me, and today she's going to the sea shore."

"She must write a great deal, I fancy."

"Oh, yes; now she's getting better, Aunt Abbie says it'll be a wonder if she don't break down again."

"Indeed! she ought to take out-door exercise. As we are neighbors, I intended to do myself the honor to call on her; but if she's so much occupied I fear I may be an intruder."

"Oh, no; you see she has got through with her book, and will have to rest awhile now, and I presume she'll be very happy to see you."

"Thank you," and he smiled at me—such a pleasant smile as he has! "I shall come then, on your permission," and then he said something about the fine afternoon we had for going down to the sea shore, and just as he was about leaving I remembered how busy you were in the morning, and said to him—

"Oh, Constance helps aunty make pies and cakes in the morning, when she doesn't write, so I think it might be more convenient to have you call in the afternoon, though I s'pose she could see you if you didn't."

"Why, Lou, what a chatterbox!" laughing and shaking my head.

"Why, was there anything wrong there?" with some anxiety.

"No, I'm not at all ashamed of my small

culinary accomplishments, even if it should shock the fine-bred gentleman's tastes. What did he say then?"

"Oh, he looked at me with a little funny smile about the corners of his mouth—'I'll bear in mind what you say about the pies and cakes,' he said, 'I wouldn't be the means of spoiling them on any account.'

"Constance would look out for that. Her pies and cakes are never spoiled," I said, for I thought he was making fun of them or of me."

"Oh, Lou!" breaking out here into another hearty laugh, but noticing the child's disturbed face, I finished it with, "Go on, dear."

"There isn't much more. He said he had enjoyed the walk exceedingly, and I told him I was glad, and that I had *pretty* well, for I couldn't quite forget his look when I spoke of the pies and cakes, and then he shook hands with me and said 'good afternoon,' just as he did yesterday. Wasn't it strange?"

"I think it was."

"Well, I know he means to call pretty soon."

"See here," said Grace, breaking in suddenly upon us, "aunty says you mustn't stay here another moment. It's almost sunset, and we're going to start right off for home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BORROWED TEAPOT.

I was to have company to tea, and among them was Mrs. Clinton, who lived in a style, if not beyond my ambition, yet far beyond my ability to reach. Her house was larger than mine, and furnished with exquisite taste. But then her husband was richer, and she had only six in family, servants and all, while my family counted up as high as the round number ten. The difference, as every housekeeper knows, was considerable.

All the rest of my expected company were, as far as circumstances were concerned, on about my own level, and intimate friends.

With them as my guests, I would have been altogether at ease, and had a "good time of it;" but I had been invited to tea at Mrs. Clinton's, and the present occasion was designed as a return compliment. Mrs. Clinton was, therefore, to be the honored guest; and, during all my preparations, she was uppermost in my thoughts.

During the afternoon, I went to my china closet to make a survey of its contents, and see how my set would compare with Mrs. Clinton's. Hers was splendid, and embraced a variety of articles of which mine could not boast. How poor, almost mean, looked my plain white

china, ornamented with a simple gold band, contrasted in imagination with the richly chased silver tea service, and gayly decorated porcelain of Mrs. Clinton. I was really depressed by the comparison, and felt that everything would look so indifferent in the eyes of my guest, that she would ever after regard me as a person of little consequence.

Poor, weak human nature!

I looked at the plates, cups and saucers, teapots, dishes, cake baskets, &c., with a vague, dreamy sense of mortification, and, if my purse had not been almost in a state of collapse, I verily believe that I would have gone off to a china-store and purchased a new and more elegant tea set.

As I stood musing in the closet, now examining this article, and now that, as bad luck would have it, I knocked over one of the teapots, and broke off a small piece, not much larger than a pea, from the upper edge of the spout.

What a catastrophe! I sat down and cried over it, to begin with. Then I bethought myself of liquid glue, and made a trial of sticking on the little angular bit of china. But, as the surgeons say, the fracture was a compound one, and no skill that I possessed was equal to the task of mending it so as to restore the original appearance. Another good cry succeeded. What was I to do? If Mrs. Clinton had not been one of my expected guests, the accident to the teapot would not have been a matter of such serious concern. But it would never do in the world to have a piece of broken *china* on my table for her eyes to detect—never! never!

While casting about in my perplexity, it suddenly occurred to me that my next door neighbor, Mrs. Lawson, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, owned a tea set precisely like mine. We had purchased at the same time and at the same store. Light at once broke into my mind, and a mountain was lifted from my heart. I took my pencil and a sheet of note paper, and wrote—

"MY DEAR MRS. LAWSON: I have been so unlucky as to break the spout of one of my china teapots; and, as I expect company to tea, am in a sad state of perplexity. It has just occurred to me that our sets are alike, and I know it will give you pleasure to keep me out of my trouble by letting me have one of yours for the evening. I will take particular care of it, and send it home early in the morning.

Very sincerely,
JANE SMITH."

This note was immediately dispatched by my chambermaid, who, after staying long enough to weary out my patience, came back with the teapot.

"What did Mrs. Lawson say, Ellen?" I inquired.

"She said, ma'am, she hoped you would be very careful of the teapot."

"Of course I will be, Ellen. I said as much in my note."

"Yes, ma'am." Ellen stood, with her eyes upon the floor, a little demurely, as if there was more in her thoughts than she just felt free to utter.

"Did Mrs. Lawson say anything else?" I inquired.

"Nothing to me in particular, ma'am. Only I don't think she wanted to lend the teapot."

"Why do you say that, Ellen?"

"She looked as if she didn't, ma'am."

My impulse was to return the article at once. But a moment's reflection told me that this would not do. The risk of offending a neighbor was involved, besides the danger of losing the good opinion of my expected guest, Mrs. Clinton.

"Very well, Ellen," said I. "We mus'n't read looks too closely. The teapot will get no harm. In the morning be sure to return it early."

I was a little fretted at the ungracious manner in which Mrs. Lawson had granted me a trifling favor, the first I had ever asked at her hands. "And it will be the last," I added, mentally.

Preparations for the evening entertainment now went on with due rapidity. As twilight began to fall the guests dropped in, one after another, Mrs. Clinton making her appearance in good season. My heart gave a little flutter as I saw her form in the passage, and heard her footsteps ascending the stairs to the chamber set apart for the occasion, as a dressing-room. I could hardly force myself to remain in the parlor; but due respect to my other guests prevented my leaving them.

I fear that, in my reception of Mrs. Clinton, when she came into the room, was a trifle of overacting, which did not pass unobserved by my friends. The lady was quiet, self-possessed, and met me in a frank, familiar way, that was entirely free from self-consequence, or ostentation. She was dressed in good taste, but not with any display of rich material or costly ornament. She made herself quite at home with my other guests, only a few of whom she had met before, and altogether, made a good impression on every one.

Tea was announced in the course of time, and we repaired to the dining-room. I had already carefully inspected the table arrangements, and the condition of things in the kitchen. The muffins, oysters, coffee, &c., were all right; but the table furniture looked mean in my eyes, for I saw it all in contrast with the elegant service of Mrs. Clinton.

There is no occasion to describe the sitting at the tea-table. All my guests appeared to enjoy themselves, and I would have been in a like comfortable state if I could have believed that Mrs. Clinton was not drawing unfavorable conclusions from the plainness of my china, and the absence of a silver service—weak, foolish woman that I was!

The rest of the evening passed away as such evenings usually pass. All my friends were in good spirits, and Mrs. Clinton found herself altogether at home among them. As she was retiring, about eleven o'clock, she took my hand, and said, with what seemed to be genuine heart-warmth—

"You have given me a real pleasure, Mrs. Smith. These friends of yours are charming, ladies, and I hope to make their more intimate acquaintance."

Yet there had been a death hand at the banquet—visible at least to my eyes. Besides my proud pride, which made me dread the criticisms of my guest, the borrowed teapot was an annoyance. Every time I lifted it, my grasp was nervous, and I did not once set it down without striking it against the coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, or cream-pitcher. That some accident was to befall it seemed almost certain.

After my company had retired, I went forth with to the kitchen to see if the teapot was safe; for that now rested upon my spirits with a weight of concern. An uneasy look and movement on the part of the cook and chambermaid warned me that something was wrong.

"I hope Mrs. Lawson's teapot is safe?" said I.

The face of Ellen flushed, and that of the cook grew pale.

"Mercy, girls! I hope nothing has happened to that teapot!" was my alarmed exclamation.

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, I—I—tried to be careful!" stammered the cook.

"What! Where is it?" I was no little excited.

"Maybe it can be mended," suggested Ellen, who had turned to the dresser, and now stood before me with Mrs. Lawson's china teapot in her hand, sadly marred in its fine proportions by the loss of half the spout.

I clasped my hands together, sank upon a chair, and burst into tears.

"Don't take on so about it, ma'am," said Ellen. "Sure and you can send in one of your own teapots to Mrs. Lawson, and she'll never be the wiser for the change. Arn't they just as like as two peas?"

"True enough, Ellen," I made answer; "and thank you for the suggestion."

Ellen had already turned to the dresser, and was advancing toward me with the only sound teapot of the three, when her foot struck the corner of the settle, and away went the china, smashing upon the floor into a hundred pieces.

"Och! murdther! murdther!" rung in my ears above the din of the breaking china; and in dismay I fled from the scene of ruin.

I cried myself to sleep, as may be supposed. Bright and early on the next morning I sallied forth to try and match the broken teapot. Alas! this I found impossible, and, after a two hours' search among the china-stores, returned home in a state of mind the most uncomfortable that can be imagined.

The only thing left for me to do was to send in my own remaining teapot, disfigured by a small fracture in the spout, and to explain the matter to Mrs. Lawson in the best way it could be done. So I prepared another note, and Ellen departed, with the teapot, on her delicate mission. She came back in a few minutes, teapot in hand, and with a face like scarlet.

"She's an insultin', unreasonable woman, so she is!" ejaculated Ellen, in a passion.

"What did she say?" I inquired, as calmly as I could speak.

"Why, that she didn't want your old broken teapot; and that she never lent anything in her life that it wasn't broken or injured; and she didn't see what people meant by borrowing their neighbors' things forever; and a great deal more that I can't remember. She did go on shameful, Mrs. Smith; and, if I was you, I'd send her in the money for her teapot—no great things, after all, to make such a fuss about. I told her it was all an accident, and not your fault; and if she'd been anything of a lady she wouldn't have said a word about it."

Here was a nice piece of business! Ellen fretted and scolded, while I remained dumb with perplexity.

"What'll you do, ma'am?" inquired the indignant girl, seeing that I answered nothing.

"I can't say just now, Ellen. I must take a little time to think. Put the teapot away in the dresser, and I'll see what is to be done."

When my husband came home at dinner-time I told him of my perplexity, and received this comforting answer:—

"Served you perfectly right, Jane."

"And you don't sympathize with me a bit?" said I, almost weeping with vexation.

"Not at all! You know my sentiments about borrowing, perfectly. As for borrowed things, I wonder anybody can have the courage to take them into keeping, for some fatality is almost sure to befall them."

"But what am I to do? I can't match the teapot in the city."

"Send in a new tea set."

"Most probably she won't receive them."

Mr. Smith only shrugged his shoulders.

I got no comfort nor counsel in this quarter. I never do in such cases.

All day I brooded over the matter, and in the evening went in to see Mrs. Lawson. She received me rather distantly, and when I related to her the chapter of accidents which had occurred, and spoke of how grieved I was that her teapot should have shared as disastrous a fate as mine, she coldly replied that it was of no consequence at all, and she was sorry I had taken so much trouble to match the set.

Her manner chilled me through and through, it was so freezingly polite.

I felt no better after this interview than before, but rather worse. Could I have been permitted to pay for the teapot, or even to purchase for Mrs. Lawson a new set of china, the matter would have assumed an improved aspect. As it was, my hands were tied, and I saw before me a relation to my neighbor that must be embarrassing. In that my anticipations in no way belied the existing facts. We meet, now and then, accidentally; but a distant politeness marks the interview. Oh, that broken teapot! Would that it were in my power to obliterate its memory forever!

A few weeks after the memorable evening on which Mrs. Clinton was my guest, I happened to make one of a company where she was present; and I also happened to be near enough once during the evening, unobserved, to overhear a few words between her and a lady, about myself. I was, of course, a compulsory listener. The lady was a friend who had taken tea at my house with Mrs. Clinton, and they were speaking of the occasion.

"She's a good housekeeper," my friend said; "though her style of living is plain. I think she was a little mortified at not being able to set a more elegant table."

"I thought everything in exceeding good

taste," answered Mrs. Clinton. "I know," she added, smiling, "that the muffins and oysters were delicious, and the coffee better than any that is served at my table."

"Her china is not of the richest fashion."

"I'm sure I never noticed the pattern," replied Mrs. Clinton.

"Simple white, with gold bands."

"Nothing handsomer in my eyes," said Mrs. Clinton. "I never went beyond it until my husband sent me a set from France last summer."

I moved away, rebuked in spirit, and yet feeling a sense of relief. False pride, into what a labyrinth of trouble had it tempted me; and I was yet without the clue of extrication.

M O T H E R S A Y S .

BY M. D. R. B.

"HILLOA, Nate, most ready for school?"

Two bright eyes asked the question at the frosty window pane, before the new comer and a fine dash of free, bracing air entered together the door of Farmer Bell's old-fashioned kitchen.

Old-fashioned, yet very pleasant withal. The contrast between the wintry scene without and the substantial comforts within, was vividly apparent. On the wide hearth of the great chimney—large enough to perform hospitable offices for half the country's side—huge logs were all a-blaze, and diffusing both light and heat to all corners of the spacious apartment.

The heat was, apparently, the principal object to be gained; and sharing it along with the tempting viands that were passing from under her hands, stood the farmer's wife, busily employed in cooking a late breakfast. The usual morning meal had long ago been partaken of, as a table strewed with broken victuals and disarranged furniture bore witness; but seated lazily before it, with his feet comfortably bestowed upon another chair, was Nathan Bell, the only son and heir of the rich farmer, and the schoolmate of young Harry Gray, whose father had possessed but the six feet of earth that is allotted to man.

Nathan slowly withdrew his gaze from the fine pile of brown cakes that his mother was transferring from the griddle to his plate.

"Do come in, Harry, and keep out the cold air. No! of course I'm not ready for school, and I don't think I shall go this morning, either. It's very cold, aint it?"

"Cold!" cried Harry, cheerfully, "why,

who cares for cold? Come, Nate, hurry up, or, rather, down with those cakes, and let's have a fine run over the hill. The boys will all be there with their sleds—there's an hour to school-time yet—and sledding's a first rate thing to put the red in a fellow's cheek. You wont?—well, I must be going, then, for I have no time to lose."

"But do come in a minute, Harry," said Mrs. Bell, who was standing with slice in hand, ready to turn another batch of cakes; "I want to ask you about your mother, and how she gets along this hard weather."

"Why, not as well as I would like her to, Mrs. Bell," returned Harry, his brisk tone subdued into a very sad one, and the pleasant smile fast fading from his features; "there's a many mouths to feed, and few hands to work for the filling. Mother thinks she'll have to take me away from school, and try to get me a place somewhere. That's the reason I want to go while I can and learn all I can."

"Do you, Harry?" said Nathan, in a tone of surprise. "Why, I don't care anything about learning. It's very stupid to be sitting all day over a parcel of tiresome books."

"Not half so stupid as to be sitting over beefsteak and coffee when the sun is two hours high," returned Harry, with a dash of his usual liveliness. "Mother says—

'A man that would thrive
Must be up by five,'

these short winter days. And that reminds me that I must be off."

So, suiting the action to the word, Harry had left the warm, comfortable kitchen, and the farmhouse, too, far behind him, before his lazy friend had time to look round and miss him.

"That's a fine, hearty lad," said Mrs. Bell, speaking more to herself than to her son; "it's a pity he should have to leave school. Father was saying this morning he would have to get a chore-boy if Nathan didn't take more to doing the turns. I'll ask him about it, and then Harry could go to school from here as well as not. His work nights and mornings would pay for his board, and be a fine help to his mother, poor woman!"

Poor woman indeed was Mrs. Gray, Harry's mother, as far as the want of this world's goods and chattels constitute poverty; but in the riches of the mind, true nobility of soul, right and steadfast purposes, and a well-disciplined, well-balanced judgment, she was far beyond her thriving neighbors, the Bells. Had we begun the day with Harry himself,

instead of peeping with him into the rich farmer's kitchen, we would have seen something of the trials of life, and of the firmness and strength which, if rightly used, they bestow upon the mould of character.

Mrs. Gray's cabin—for it was little more, it was so small and so barren of all comfort—stood in a bleak place by itself, in the middle of a waste piece of ground that, refusing all sustenance to anything but weeds and thistles, had come to be called "the common." Bare as it was at all seasons of the year, it seemed doubly so in the still whiteness of winter, standing with this one solitary hovel in its midst, itself so drear and miserable. Hither, for want of better shelter, Mrs. Gray had come, a forlorn, but not forsaken widow, with six helpless children, most of them too small to earn the salt for their porridge; and here she had remained, striving as she best could, until, in that long, trying winter, the salt and the porridge both seemed, as to the future, to be rather doubtful affairs.

Harry, by working as a "half hand" for farmers through the summer and autumn, had earned a good suit of clothing for himself, besides some comforts for his mother and the little ones. But he was not contented with this. His aim in life reached high, for the boy had a noble heart beating in his bosom. "To be a man and help his mother! To be a good man and a great one!"

"Then I must have an education to begin with, I know; for mother says without that the mind is just like the common out here—all weeds and waste. And the poet says, too—

"Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Perhaps you will think Harry was very fond of old wise saws. He generally prefaced them with "mother says," and if you will take notice, the boy that has a due respect for his mother, and is not afraid to quote her sayings, has, nine out of ten times, a mother worthy of respect.

Harry was just getting out of bed that cold winter's morning, when he made this speech to himself. He had been thinking and thinking the greater part of the night, about the desperate state of affairs at home, and how almost impossible it was for his mother to do without his willing hands. But there must be a way for him to go on with his learning—on that he was fully determined. How should he fix it? He would think of it while he was getting up and making ready the fire for his good mother to cook their scanty breakfast by.

Now Harry did not realize it, but this getting up in the cold, frosty morning, and kindling the fire, was part of his education—the discipline of life, that was preparing him to be an energetic, whole-souled man. Neither did Mrs. Bell, when she framed excuses for Nathan's self-indulgent habits, and ministered to them by her luxurious warm breakfasts out of the regular time, think that she was doing her part to form a weak and selfish character.

But we must go back to Harry Gray, as he knelt on the broken hearth that cold winter morning, and coaxed the stubborn and snow-drenched faggots into a kindly blaze. He succeeded, at last, as he was apt to do in all his undertakings, because he always tried hard, and put energy into his work. How much that cheery flame, as it leaped and sparkled up the dark chimney, had to do in sending new life and vigor into Harry's perplexed mind, I leave for those to decide who have, in like circumstances, felt even such a little matter as a kindling flame infuse light and cheerfulness into their desponding hearts. Certain it was, that as he retained his seat before it, with his hands clasped round his knees, he looked about him with more hopeful feelings.

The room, indeed, had but little that seemed like hope. It was very barren of furniture, but the few needful articles were clean and in their place, and there was even a little exhibition of taste in the arrangement of a white muslin curtain before the window where the snow sifted in; besides that, a small bit of looking glass suspended from the rough wall, was surmounted by some branches of green and fragrant pine.

Harry's mother had seen better days. The old story of woman's trusting love and clinging devotion had been hers, while that of the partner of her life might have been read thus—the loss of manhood and worth in "the cup that causeth to err," and its end a drunkard's hopeless grave. But though thus bereft of worldly wealth and earthly props to sustain her, she did not despair. No! for God's promises were hers—"Thy Maker is thy husband." "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

"And I know my mother does seek Him," said Harry, who was running over in his mind these comforting texts that he had heard so often from the lips that were dear to him. "I know that she does seek Him, for I heard her praying in the night when she thought we were all asleep. Poor mother! how pale and

thin her cheek is!" he continued, glancing at the shake-down bed in the corner, where his mother and three of her babes still rested in profound slumber.

Harry had left two more in his little straw nest on the loft; but softly and cautiously his feet had descended the broken step-ladder that led from thence, lest their awakening should interfere with his plan.

For he had a plan, and a fine one it was. He intended to have an hour to study all by himself those dark winter mornings; and in place of burning candles—for that could not be thought of when times were so hard—he knew what he would do. His glance at that pretty piece of feathery pine had put it in his head. Pine knots! he would get a great parcel and store them away to dry; and then he need not wait for the lazy sun to get up, but might begin his lessons at any time. He would have to study them that morning as he best could, by the fitful blaze; but after that he should see finely.

If Harry could have read future events, Cassandra like, in the gleamings of the coals, he might have foretold brighter things for himself; for even then the tide of a happier destiny was returning on the ebb. But we will not anticipate.

Neither did Harry; only he looked for his mother's approving smile as the reward of his exertions—and that he received very soon. Then the day's routine began. Breakfast was to be made ready, and a very simple one it was. Harry's toil in the autumn, when he had helped the farmers store their golden heaps of corn, had been repaid in a portion of the generous grain for their own winter's use; and this had been their only food, with the exception of a few roots from their scanty garden, and the salt that seasoned them, Indian porridge, or "mush" for dinner and supper, and thin cakes of the same meal, moistened with water, made up the morning repast.

"What could be better?" says the epicure, as he feeds daintily on the rich corn cake, with its supplement of butter, or sings with Barlowe the praises of "hasty pudding," over a bowl filled to repletion with snowy cream. But remember that many of the poor have no meat, no milk, no butter, to render their dry morsel palatable—and with remembrance give of the abundance that God has bestowed upon you.

But if there was not luxury there was enough, "mother said," and one of her wise sayings assured them that "enough is a feast."

So bright eyes glanced, and rosy lips prattled merrily over the frugal board. Even Harry, who was deeper in the mysteries of corn bin and meal chest than the younger children, allowed himself to be a partaker in the pleasing delusion, and listened reverently afterward, while his mother read from *Holy Writ*—"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"And now," said Harry to the brother next in size to himself, as he buckled his school-books to his shoulder, "Charley must be a good boy and help mother while I am gone. George and Mary must take care of baby for her, and don't let little Nell get hurt among you. See who will have the red-cheeked apple and the handful of brown nuts when brother Harry comes home."

But when "brother Harry" came home in the cold winter's evening, he could scarcely believe his eyes as he flung open the old door of the miserable shed which he had dignified with the name of "home." A bright light shot up the broken chimney, and danced about over various strange objects. A table covered with a clean cloth held tempting viands that he had not known for many a day; and the fragrant steam of hot coffee, and smiling looks, awaited his coming together.

"Why, mother!" Harry began, and stopped short. He could scarcely breathe for wonder and delight.

"Yes, my son, did I not tell you the Lord would provide? Just as we were down in the darkest place he has sent us help. And my Harry, in being such a good boy, has been the means of our having all these comforts. Here has Farmer Bell been with a great load of wood, and his wife sent such a basket of nice, wholesome food—just what we wanted—and besides, they are going to take you for the winter, and longer too, perhaps. Then they told me of a place for Charley, and I am to get as much work as will keep us all winter from the shop in the village."

"And it won't be my fault, mother, if we don't get along now," spoke up Harry. "Once give us a shove, and away we go. But if I had not had such a good and wise mother in the first place, I should never have been anything else than a poor, worthless boy."

It would be both tedious and unnecessary to accompany Harry Gray in all his struggles upward; but his course was upward; for he who places before him the brave motto "Ex-celsior" will not stop at the lowest round of the ladder. If you would know how the boy

became the man, look again on the farmhouse where Harry once stopped to arouse his lazy schoolfellow, and where he soon after took his place in the home duties that were pronounced to be too severe for the victim of indulgence.

Those broad acres and deep pastures, with their green and golden wealth, are now the property of the rich and honored Judge Gray, who has made name and fame for himself—a more worthy foundation than the aristocracy of birth. He has a noble mansion elsewhere; but this is the home that he first gained for the loved ones who shared poverty together, and he intends soon to transfer it, by a deed of gift, to his brother Charles, who has devoted his energies to its improvement.

George is fast following in the footsteps that first led his upward by a bright example, and Judge Gray's sisters are among the fairest in the land. But his mother—his excellent mother—what does he not owe her? As time draws his furrows and his silver threads over the once smooth brow, the glory of children's children crowns it, and they, too, "arise up and call her blessed."

Farmer Bell and his wife soon passed away from earth—their hearts rent with sorrow for the ill-doing of their only son. He himself, self-indulgent and unrestrained, gave himself up to all the license of his unbridled appetites, and became a drunkard and an outcast. Sometimes a shaken and a prematurely aged man calls for food and shelter at the door of the rich farmhouse. It is eagerly bestowed—for the Grays have not forgotten that to the kindness of the former proprietors they owe their first upward step in life—but all their efforts to do anything more for poor Nathan Bell are of no avail, and he soon wanders away again to spend their bounty and drown his remorseful feelings in the intoxicating draught.

If mothers would see their sons among the noblest of the land, let them set before them right principles, and an example of energy and strength. It is not needful that our children should be brought up in the indulgence of wealth, to become great. The mighty ones of the earth, bright in intellect and high in position, made their own way in life; and its discipline, well exercised in the boy, forms the self-reliant man.

A lucifer match passes through seven processes. By the most improved machine, matches are split at the rate of *sixty thousand per minute!*

ONLY A HUSBAND.

"THANK you!" What a musical ring was in the voice of Mrs. Archer; what a pleasant light shone in her eyes. She had dropped a glove, which a gentleman had lifted from the floor and placed in her hand.

Mr. Archer, the lady's husband, saw the little act of courtesy, and noticed its reward. He would have given almost anything for just such a musical "Thank you!"—for as bright a glance as she had thrown upon a stranger. Once, tones and glances like these had been his reward for any little attentions he might happen to offer; now, all the small courtesies of life were withdrawn, and no matter what the act or its quality, his wife received it with a cold indifference, singularly in contrast with her manner toward other men.

Was it a defect of love? Did Mrs. Archer really think more highly of other men, who showed her polite attentions, than she did of her husband? Sometimes a chafed feeling of impatience—sometimes of jealousy—and sometimes of mournful regret for sunnier days in the far away past, would trouble the husband sorely. But these were pushed aside, or suffered to die for lack of aliment, and the dull, cold routine of every day life permitted to have its usual course.

On the occasion referred to above, Mr. Archer and his wife were spending an evening at the house of a friend, where company had been invited. For days previously the countenance of Mrs. Archer had worn its usual dead calm, its imperturbed placidity—its matter-of-course aspect. She had talked with her husband in a kind of dead-level tone and manner on all subjects that happened to come up, whether of first or third importance. Or, if interest happened to rise into anything approaching enthusiasm, it was accompanied by something of sharpness, that left on the mind of Mr. Archer an uncomfortable feeling, as if he were blamed for something. And this had been the wife's aspect even after she had donned her company attire, and up to the moment when she made her appearance among the guests of the friend to whose house she brought, tied up, as it were, in a closely compacted bundle, her smiles and courtesies for public dispensation.

As he had noticed on many previous occasions, so did Mr. Archer notice on this, the remarkable difference between his wife's home and company manners—between her treatment of her husband and her treatment of other

gentlemen who happened to enter into conversation with her, or offer any polite attention. The answer to *their* words always went forth from lips wreathed with smiles, and eyes sparkling with pleasure; to *his* words, from a cold, placid mouth, and with half indifferent, or averted glances. And yet, Mrs. Archer was a faithful wife in all her dutiful relations, and in her heart a loving wife to her husband. If smiles did not play in sunny circles over her countenance, as in former times, she made the household smile with order and comfort, arranged and secured by her ever busy hands. Her thoughts were no wandering truants to other and forbidden fields, but home-guests; nor were they busy for herself, but for the husband and children, in whom her own life was bound up. It was not that love for her husband had grown dull—answering not as mirror answereth to face—that her countenance did not light up at his coming—that she did not meet his word and attentions with smiling glances. Had she not given him her heart when she gave him her hand—had she not promised to be a faithful wife? Was she not true in all of her relations? What more was required of her? It never entered into her thoughts that her husband was weak enough to desire a daily repetition of the love-glances with which, in the season of young love's ardor, her eyes were ever beaming when they turned upon his countenance.

And yet it was even so. It was because he hoped to live all his after life in the warmth of those glances, that he had wooed and won her in the bright days of her young womanhood. And when he saw the light growing daily dimmer and dimmer, and felt its genial warmth diminishing, a shadow fell upon his spirit. Very kind, very attentive, the husband remained, but his wife became aware of a certain coldness toward herself that was far from being as pleasant as the lover-like manner with which he had formerly treated her; and many times she sighed for the tones and glances she saw him give to other ladies, as he sighed for like tokens of interest from herself. Both were in error, and both, in a certain sense, to blame.

On the evening referred to, the contrast between the manner of his wife to himself and to other men who showed her little attentions, was felt with more than usual distinctness by Mr. Archer. He was not jealous, for he knew the truth of her character, nor offended—but hurt. Almost any price would he have paid for the bright return another received for a

simple act, the double of which, on his part, would scarcely receive a passing notice.

Not long after this Mr. Archer saw his wife drop her handkerchief. Stepping forward, from where he stood talking with a lady, he lifted it from the floor and placed it in her hand. His eyes were fixed upon her countenance, but she did not so much as return his look, nor make the slightest acknowledgment, merely receiving the handkerchief with a quiet indifference, in striking contrast with the way in which she had taken the glove from another's hand. Mr. Archer was disappointed. The drooping flowers in his heart were pining for sunbeams, and he had hoped for a few bright rays. But they were not given.

A lady to whom Mrs. Archer had been introduced that evening, and who was a stranger to both herself and husband, sat by her side. They had been conversing with some animation, and were interested in each other. This lady was struck by the marked difference with which Mrs. Archer received these two slight attentions from different gentlemen. She had observed the polite response made when the glove was handed to its owner, and was pleased with the graceful manner of her new acquaintance. The cold, almost repulsive way in which she accepted the handkerchief was, therefore, noticed the more distinctly. She saw that the individual who presented it was disappointed—if not hurt. Her inference was natural.

"That gentleman is no favorite of yours," she remarked.

"What gentleman?" Mrs. Archer looked curious.

"He who lifted your handkerchief just now."

"Why do you think so?" There was a slightly amused expression in the corners of Mrs. Archer's mouth.

"You treated him very coldly—almost rudely, I thought—pardon me for saying so—quite differently from the way in which you treated the gentleman who picked up your glove a few minutes ago."

A smile spread over the countenance of Mrs. Archer.

"Oh, he's only my husband!" she made answer.

"The one who lifted the glove?"

"No—the one who gave me my handkerchief."

"Only your husband!"

The lady spoke in a tone that Mrs. Archer could not help feeling as a rebuke.

"He's my husband," she said, "and doesn't expect me to be particularly ceremonious. He picked up my handkerchief as a thing of course. The other was a mere acquaintance—half a stranger, in fact—and a more formal acknowledgment of his polite attention could not have been omitted without rudeness."

"I'm afraid," remarked the lady guardedly, so as not to give offence, "that some of us are scarcely just to our husbands in this matter of exterior courtesy. I know that I have not been; and a lesson I once received will never be forgotten."

The eyes of Mrs. Archer turned, by a kind of instinct, toward her husband. He was standing near a brilliant gas lamp, the light of which was falling clearly on his face. His glance was upon the floor. There was a shadow on his countenance which the strong light, instead of obliterating, made more distinctly visible—a look of disappointment, that was almost sad.

A new thought flashed into the mind of Mrs. Archer, and touched her with a feeling of tender self-upbraiding. Was it possible that her husband had felt her manner as cold, or indifferent? Was it possible that he had noticed the blandness of her manner toward one who was but little less than a stranger, and contrasted it as the lady had done, with her seeming indifference to himself? Her eyes were still on his face, when he lifted his own from the floor, and turned them full upon her. They were dull and spiritless. A little while they lingered upon her, and then moved slowly away, as if seeking some object pleasanter to look upon. For some time Mrs. Archer continued gazing at her husband, but he did not look toward her again. She sighed, and letting her eyes fall, remained lost in thought for some moments. Then turning to the lady who sat by her side, and who was observing her closely, she said, with a smile, half forced—

"You have set me to thinking."

"And in the right direction, I hope," was frankly responded.

"I think so."

Watching for a good opportunity, when she knew her husband was near her, and could not help noticing the fact, she purposely disarranged a light scarf that was laid over her shoulders. Instantly he stepped forward, and drew it into place.

"Thank you, dear," she said quickly, a smile on her lip, and a pleasant light in her eye. They were not counterfeit—but real;

for Mrs. Archer truly loved her husband, and was pleased with any little attention at home or abroad. But, he being "only her husband," she had, like far too many others, omitted the form of acknowledgment, because he must know that the feeling was in her heart.

What a change came instantly into her husband's face! What a look of pleased surprise, almost grateful in its expression. Verily, she had her reward! How tenderly he leaned toward her, and what a new meaning was in his tones, as he remarked on some topic of the hour. And did not her heart leap up at these signs of the affection that was in his heart, still warm and lover-like—still pleased with tokens of kindness, and ready to reward them twenty fold. Away back, through many years, her thoughts went to the May time of their young love, when they lived in the light of each other's eyes, and thought no music as sweet as the melody of each other's voices.

The time seemed long to Mrs. Archer, that they were required by etiquette to remain, for she desired to be alone with her husband. Not much was said by either as they walked homeward that night, but the hand of Mrs. Archer clung with a closer pressure than usual to the arm of her husband—and the arm held the hand with a returning pressure, firmly against a heart that beat with quicker pulsations.

Both time and place were soon propitious. They stood in their own chamber, looking, with a new expression in their eyes, into each other's face.

"Dear husband! I love you, and I am proud of you! You are not like other men." Mrs. Archer drew an arm around his neck, and laid her lips upon his lips.

"God bless you for the words!" he answered, with a joyful thrill in his voice.

"You did not doubt my love?" she said, in half surprise.

"No—no. But words and tokens of love are always grateful. You are dear to me as my life. Let us keep the golden links that bind our hearts together bright as in the beginning, burnishing them daily with small, sweet courtesies. Forgive me, if, in aught, I have shown coldness or indifference—there has been neither in my heart."

Ever after the golden links were kept bright, burnished daily by the small, sweet courtesies of which the husband had spoken.—T. S. A.

Olive Branch.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. VIII.

Four girls in the house, and not one of them can make me a decent bowl of milk porridge! I imagine I hear you all exclaim,

"Well, what of that? Is it such a great thing to know how to cook porridge?"

But suppose you come here and take my place; lie on this bed, and shut your eyes partly up, for even the shaded light brings on such a pain that you imagine an invisible hand is filing each nerve to the keenest point of intensity; cold chills in your feet, as if they rested against a cake of Arctic ice, and the heat of a boiling crater in your head; your bones aching with the cross direction of each feather and straw, and time dragging as if the world was moving backward instead of forward. You have nothing to do but think, and as some savory dish is cooking in the kitchen, and the perfume steals in through the open door, you naturally think of eating. You do want some custard pie, and pickles, and roast rib; and you do not want any crackers, or gruel, or weak toast; and to your appeal to the physician, who happens in, he replies,

"Pooh! Milk porridge is just the thing. Here, Nancy, cook a good dish full; live on that a week, and then you can have the pies."

Well, you look back and think when brother Harry was sick, and you running around in dress skirts half a yard long, how your mother made some for him, and left the dish on the dresser, and you stood up on tiptoe and reached a spoon, and when her back was turned, skimmed off the top and swallowed it with such a relish that it tastes good now, and you say,

"Yes, Nancy, that will be so nice!" and turn again cheerfully to the crinkling the hem of the sheet, and counting the flowers on the wall paper, and wish the porridge was ready.

The porridge is brought in, and the napkin on the waiter is soiled as if it had done service as holder, and the bowl is slopped and sticky on the outside, and nubs of flour of all sizes are floating in it on the top. There is a burnt taste, and a raw taste, and a taste most insipid, and you cannot eat it, and turn away over to the wall and conclude that this is a most miserable world; and just as you are ready to cry your neighbor across the street, Mrs. Rodgers, comes into the room. Out of the sick room so busy and officious that she seems prying and disagreeable, but in it willing

and kind and apt, doing the right thing in the right time and place, that one is ashamed of their previous unkind thoughts, and reward her with smiles and heartfelt thanks. Her first words, as she unties her bonnet, are, "Girls, do open that window and air this room; it is as close as church on commencement day; and have you any ice water? Bring me some and a soft linen cloth. I think I can take that flush off of her cheek. Are her feet cold? Haven't felt of them! what nurses! They are just like ice. I must have a jug of hot water and some flannels. There, you feel better now, don't you, dear?" And you, soothed and quieted by the soft motion of the cool cloth on your brow, drowsily answer, "Yes," and wish everybody was as good a nurse as Mrs. Rodgers.

"Have you eaten anything to-day? Only some porridge! I hope you don't call this porridge!" taking up a spoonful and tasting it. "Here, Julia, keep this cool with ice water, and I will go and see if I cannot fix her up something."

In a half hour a mite of the tenderest broiled beef, some mashed potato, a china cup of porridge, clear and fine grained as the dish that holds it, and a few raspberries, are placed before you. Her strong arms raise you up as if you were a feather, and bolster you with pillows just right; and the waiter, with its snowy napkin, is held close for you—and you taste this, and sip that, and linger over a raspberry, thinking there never was anything so good before; and you feel, and are, really, a different person by the time she says "good night," for she has given you a start that no medicine alone could do, toward health.

Now these four girls that cannot make me some porridge, all love me, and are perfectly willing to do what they can; but they do not know how, and I am too weak and unenergetic to tell them over and over again, when they fail each time, so sick, discouraged, hungry, I suffer for want of suitable food.

"How foolish!" I hear you again exclaim, "hire a nurse." But let me say that neither love or money will invariably bring a nurse in the country, where almost every one is independent, and surrounded with their own numberless cares. They will kindly watch nights, and run in occasionally, yet it is often almost impossible to obtain constant service, and so members of each family should have some knowledge of nursing; and how do you know, in this shifting, changing, rich-to-day and fortuneless-to-morrow country, that a lit-

the sick-room knowledge may not be required of you. It would be no pleasant reflection that some husband's path, which before had been all brightness, went down for life into darkness and gloom—that little children who needed a mother's hand to guide them, wandered out into haunts of sin and guilt; that a loving sister, through all time, felt that the chill of the grave was around her because your hand, though willing, was ignorant how to prepare the delicate sustenance that can sustain, instead of destroying life.

Berea, Ohio.

CATCHING A SUNBEAM

BY KATE.

THE sun is always shining in the sky of our lives, and his bright beams coming down to gladden the earth. But into how few hearts do they find their way? The earth upon which our minds dwell, like the material earth, has its dense forests, its deep, dim valleys, its dark caves and caverns into which the sunlight rarely, if ever, comes. It would seem as if many people loved these gloomy shades, and hid themselves, of choice, away from the bright and beautiful sunshine. They carry shadows in their hearts and shadows on their faces. When they come into your presence it seems as if the air was suddenly darkened by a passing cloud.

Mr. Hickman was one of these men, who walk, for the most part, in dark valleys, or sit in dreary caverns. Rarely, if ever, on returning home, did he bring light into his dwelling. If there was merry laughter among the children on his entrance, their voices were hushed; if love's light beamed from the countenance of his wife, as she sported with her little ones, it faded away, giving place to a sober, thoughtful, half troubled look. He always came home bringing a shadow with him, and sat, for the most part, in this shadow, through all the cheerless evenings.

Why was this? Was there a great trouble in the heart of Mr. Hickman? Had he passed through some depressing misfortune, or suffered some terrible affliction? No. It was as well with him as with most people—better than with a very large number. His business was prosperous, and every year he added many thousands of dollars to his rapidly accumulating fortune. But he was not a man possessing an orderly adjusted mind—was easily disturbed by trifles, and annoyed by incidents that should not have affected him any more than the buzz-

ing of a fly. But the real cause lay deeper and more hidden, grounded in an inordinate selfishness, that robbed him of the pleasure which might have attended success, through envy of others' good fortune. He was jealous of his compeers in business, and always experienced a disagreeable sensation when he heard them spoken of as successful. No wonder that sunlight could not find its way into his heart. Envy and ill-will, burn in what heart they may, always send up a black smoke that obscures the heavens. The sun is there, shining as brightly as ever, but his rays cannot penetrate this cloud of passion. No day passed in which something did not occur to disturb or cloud the mind of Mr. Hickman; and so, evening after evening, he came home, bringing with him shadow instead of sunlight. Oh, what a desecration of home was this! home, where the heart's sunlight should ever dwell, and a heart-warmth pervade all the sweet atmosphere. Nothing of external good was denied by Mr. Hickman to his family. They had all of happiness that money could buy. Yet how far from happiness were his wife and children. They were drooping for sunshine—the sunshine of smiles, and pleasant words, and joyous laughter. But these came not from Mr. Hickman. He sat among them grim and gloomy, for the most part, like some sombre heathen divinity—half dreaded, half propitiated.

Mr. Hickman was not so stolid but that he saw in this the existence of a wrong. He loved his wife and children, desired their good, and was ready to make almost any sacrifice for them that he knew how to make. Even as he sat moodily in his home, conscious that his presence rested like a nightmare on the spirits of his wife and children, he would say to himself—

“This is not right. I should bring home pleasant words and cheerful smiles.”

Yet almost as he said this would his thoughts go back to some incident of the day, which mere selfishness gave power to disturb his feelings, and he would go off again into a brooding state of mind, out of which he had not resolution enough to lift himself. Often it happened that his children sought, in the outgushing gladness of their hearts, to break the spell that was on him—but almost always he repulsed them—sometimes coldly, sometimes fretfully, and sometimes in sudden anger—so that, at last, they rarely came near or spoke to him, as he sat through his silent evenings.

“Wrong, all wrong,” Mr. Hickman often

said to himself, as the shadow fell darker on his home. But a knowledge of the evil did not bring a knowledge of the cure, or, rather, that self-conquest which must precede a cure. He must let the sunshine come into his own heart ere he could pour forth its rays on other hearts. He must come out of the dense forests and gloomy valleys and dusky caverns, into the clear sunshine; but how was he to come out? Who was to lead him forth?

One day, as Mr. Hickman sat in his counting room conversing with a gentleman, a lad came in from the store to ask him some question about business. Mr. Hickman replied in a curt way, and the lad went out.

"What is that boy's name?" asked the gentleman.

"Frank Edwards," was replied.

"I thought so. He's a fine boy. How long has he been with you?"

"About three months."

"Does he give satisfaction?"

"Yes."

"I'm pleased to hear it. His mother lives in our neighborhood, and my wife has taken considerable interest in her. She is very poor, and in feeble health. She maintains herself by sewing; but that kind of exhausting toil is wasting her life rapidly. Frank is her only child, and the only one to whom she can look for any help. I am glad you like him."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but it did not pass from the mind of Mr. Hickman. He had taken the lad a few months before on trial, and it was understood that if he gave satisfaction, he was to be put on wages after six months.

"The boy is faithful, intelligent and active," said Mr. Hickman, speaking to himself. "If it is so with his mother, he must be put on wages now."

This conclusion in the mind of Mr. Hickman was attended with a sense of pleasure. His heart had opened just a little, and two or three sunbeams, with their light and warmth, had gone down into it.

"What shall I pay him for his services?" said Mr. Hickman to himself, still dwelling on the subject.

"There are plenty of lads to be obtained at a couple of dollars a week, for the first one or two years; or even for nothing, in consideration of the opportunity for learning a good business in a good house. But Frank's case is peculiar, and must be considered by itself. There is a question of humanity involved. His mother is poor and sick, and she has no hope

but in him. Let me see; shall I make it three dollars a week? That will help them considerably. But, dear me! three dollars will hardly pay for Frank's eating. I must do something better than that. Say four dollars."

Mr. Hickman dropped his head a little, and sat turning the matter over in his mind. He had once been a poor boy, with a mother in feeble health; and he remembered how hard it was for him to get along—how many privations and hardships his mother had to endure; and yet their income was nearly double the amount he thought of giving Frank. Mr. Hickman had always loved his mother, and this memory of her softened his feelings still more toward the poor widow, for whom an appeal had come to him so unexpectedly.

"Frank is an unusually bright boy," said Mr. Hickman. "He has an aptness for business; is prompt and faithful. I can afford to make his salary liberal—for a boy it shall be liberal. I'll pay him six dollars now, and if he goes on improving as fast as he has done so far, it will not be long before I can make it better for him."

Mr. Hickman arose, and going to the counting-room door, called the lad, who came in immediately.

"How do you like our business, Frank?" asked Mr. Hickman, in a kind way.

"Very well, sir," replied the boy, promptly.

"And you would like to remain?"

"Yes, sir; if I give satisfaction."

"You have done very well so far," replied Mr. Hickman; "so well, that I have concluded to put you on wages now, instead of waiting until the six months of trial have expired."

The boy started, and a quick flush of surprise and pleasure went over his face.

"I did not expect it, sir," he said, gratefully. "You are very good."

"Your mother is not well, I hear," said Mr. Hickman.

Frank's eyes glistened as he answered, "No, sir; she's been sick for a good while; and I'm so glad to be put on wages, for now I can help her."

"Will you give all your wages to your mother?"

"Oh yes indeed, sir; every cent, if it was ten dollars a week."

"I see you're a good boy, Frank," said Mr. Hickman, his heart still softening, "and your wages shall be six dollars."

The boy struck his hands together with sudden joy, exclaiming,

"Oh, mother will be so glad!—so glad!"

As he went back into the store, Mr. Hickman sat quietly in his chair, feeling happier than he had been for a long time. When the sun went down, and Frank came in to shut the windows of the counting-room, Mr. Hickman handed him a sealed envelop, saying,

"Take this to your mother. It contains thirty-six dollars, as your wages, at three dollars a week for twelve weeks, the time you have been in my store. Tell your mother that you have been a good, industrious boy, and have earned the money."

Frank took the little package in silence; his feelings were so much overcome by this additional good fortune, that he could not speak his thanks. But his eyes told what was in his heart, and Mr. Hickman understood them.

There are many ways to catch sunbeams, if we would only set traps for them. Nay, there is no occasion to go to that trouble. The air is full of sunbeams, and we have only to open the doors and windows of our hearts, and they will enter in countless multitudes. But the doors and windows of most people's hearts are shut and barred as was the heart of Mr. Hickman. How are they to be opened? Just as the doors and windows of his heart were opened—by kindness to others.

When Mr. Hickman took his way homeward, his step was lighter and his feelings more buoyant than they had been for a long time. Though conscious of this, and of the sense of pleasure that was new to him, his thought did not go directly to the cause. Not that he had forgotten Frank and his sick mother; or the glad face that looked into his when he told the boy of his generous decision in his favor; all this was present to him, though he had not yet connected the kind act and the pleasant feelings in his consciousness as cause and effect.

There were no sounds of pattering feet on the stairs as Mr. Hickman came in. Time was when his first step in the passage awoke the echoes with laughing voices and the rain of eager footfalls. But that time had passed long ago. The father came home so often in a cold, repellent mood, that his children had ceased to be glad at his return, and no longer bounded to meet him. Sitting on the stairs were a little boy and girl, of the ages of five and six years. As he advanced along the passage, they neither stirred, nor spoke, nor smiled, though their eyes were fixed on his face. Mr. Hickman stood still when he came near to where they were sitting, and looked at them with a new feeling of tenderness in his heart. He held

out a hand to each, and each laid a hand in his, but with an air of doubt as to whether this condescension on the part of their father were to be accepted as a token of love. A moment he stood holding their hands, then stooping, he drew an arm around each and lifted them to his breast.

"Hasn't Edie a kiss for papa?" said Mr. Hickman, with so much warmth in his voice, that the little girl now understood that all was earnest.

"Yes, a hundred kisses!" answered Edie, flinging her arms around her father's neck, and kissing him over and over again in childish fondness.

At the head of the first landing, opened the sitting-room. Into this Mr. Hickman came with the two children in his arms; both of them hugging and kissing him in a wild, happy way.

"Bless me! what's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Mrs. Hickman, rising and coming forward, her face a-glow with sudden pleasure at a sight and sounds so new, yet all welcome to her heart.

"These little rogues are hugging and kissing the very breath away from me," said Mr. Hickman, laughing and struggling with the children.

"He asked me for one kiss," cried Edie, "and I'm going to give him a hundred."

Mr. Hickman sat down with a child on each knee, and Mrs. Hickman came and stood by him, with a hand resting on his shoulder.

"Oh, you must kiss him too," said Edie, looking up at her mother.

Mrs. Hickman did not wait for a second invitation.

The old pleasant face of her husband was again before her, and her heart was leaping with the old loving impulses. She bent down and laid a warm kiss on his lips, which he felt as a sweet glow through all his being.

That was an evening long to be remembered in the household of Mr. Hickman. He had caught a sunbeam and brought it home with him, and light and warmth were all around them. All were happy, and Mr. Hickman the happiest of them all, for he had the sweet consciousness in his heart of having made another and humbler home than this happy also.

THE humble, the meek, the merciful, the just, the pious, and the devout, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.

THE SAND-HILLS OF JUTLAND.

If the publishers of this book* had any misgivings as to its merits, they would certainly have put upon the title page, "By the author of 'The Ugly Duckling,'" for there is no one of the present generation of critics, however hard or severe he may be to others, but has a soft place in his heart for the writer of that inimitable child-story, which he laughed and cried over when tottling about in petticoats *sans* crinoline, or strutting in the dignity of first jacket and trousers.

But Hans Andersen needs not to borrow a charm from childish associations. He has the rare power of pleasing alike the infant and the mature man; a power which only those enjoy who can unite grave wisdom and bewitching fancy.

The longest tale in this collection, and the one which gives its name to the volume, is in a sadder vein than is usual with the author. It tells of a young Spanish nobleman of high rank and favor at the court, living with a beautiful and loving wife in the enjoyment of every luxury which boundless wealth can furnish, who is selected by the king as Ambassador to the Court of Russia. He sets sail in a magnificent ship, which is wrecked on the coast of Jutland, and every soul on board is lost, save the young wife, who is cast senseless upon the coast. She revives only to give birth to a child, to say a few words in a language which no one about her can understand; and then she dies. This child, of whose parentage or country nothing is known, is adopted by a fisherman of the sand-hills of Jutland—the original home of many of our own ancestors, for large numbers of the Jutes went over to England with the Angles and Saxons, and became the progenitors of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race. The story of the simple joys and sorrows of the fisherman's boy, is rendered more striking by the contrast which the reader cannot fail to draw between these and the grandeur and luxury to which his birth entitles him. This contrast is rendered still more effective when, at the death of his foster-parents, he becomes a sailor, and is subject to kicks, thumps, the rope's end, and every species of hard usage, which his fierce Spanish blood makes it peculiarly hard to bear. At one time he sails to Spain, and, being sent on shore in a great city to bring provisions for

the ship, he leans with his heavy burden, for a moment's rest, against the marble pillars of a splendid mansion, whence he is rudely driven by a finely-bedizened porter, while his own grandsire sits within, bemoaning himself that he is the last of his race, and at his death his untold wealth will pass to stranger hands.

The story is finely told, but such a story as this another, perhaps, might tell as well, and we like Hans Andersen best in his own specialty, when he reveals that rare talent for impersonation, by which, instead of telling a tale himself, he can give it to an animal, a plant, or even a stock or stone, to tell, and make them do it in perfect character and keeping.

The second tale, "The Mud King's Daughter," is an example of this; in which the interlocutors are a stork and his spouse, who pass their winters in Egypt, and their summers on the roof of the log-house and tower of one of the Vikings of Jutland.

The stork one day, after remaining out longer than usual, returns to his nest looking rumpled and flurried. "I have something very terrible to tell thee," he said to the female stork.

"Thou hadst better keep it to thyself," said she. "Remember I am sitting upon the eggs; a fright might do me harm, and the eggs might be injured."

"But it *must* be told thee," he replied. "She has come here—the daughter of our host in Egypt. She has ventured the long journey up hither, and she is lost."

"She who is of the fairies' race? Speak, then! Thou knowest that I cannot bear suspense while I am sitting."

He begins to tell her that the king of Egypt is very sick, and his daughter, having heard that there were certain bog-plants in the far north which could cure him, had assumed the magic disguise of a swan, and accompanied by two princesses, had flown hither.

"Thou dost spin the matter out so long," muttered the female stork, "the eggs will be quite cooled. I cannot bear suspense just now."

"I will come to the point," replied the male, and he goes on to relate the adventures of the swans, when she, whose mind has been half occupied meanwhile with her maternal duties, interrupts:—

"But tell me about the princess. I am tired of hearing about the swans."

He succeeds at length in getting her attention, and relates, that the princess, having espied the flower she was in search of, alighted, and laying aside her swan dress, was

* THE SAND-HILLS OF JUTLAND. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Improvisatore," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

about to pluck it, when her wicked companions seized upon the dress, and having torn it into a hundred pieces, so that the feathers fell round about as if there were a fall of snow, flew away and left her alone in the wild morass.

"It is shocking," said the lady stork; "I can't bear to hear it. Tell me what more happened."

The conclusion is given: how the princess sobbed and wept; and how the Mud King saw her, and fell in love with her, and dragged her down into the morass to be his bride.

"Thou hadst no business to tell me such a startling tale at a time like this. The eggs may suffer. The princess can take care of herself; she will, no doubt, be rescued. If it had been I or thee, or any of our family, it would have been all over with us."

"I will look after her every day, however," said the male stork; "and so he did."

One day, some time after this, he announces as the result of his investigations, that the princess is not dead.

"I told thee from the beginning that it would be all well," said the mother stork. "Turn thy thoughts now to thine own family. It is almost time for our long journey; I begin now to tingle under the wings. The cuckoo and the nightingale are already gone, and I hear the quails saying that we shall soon have a fair wind. Our young ones are quite able to go, I know that."

They all take their flight for Egypt, and after their arrival, while the mother-bird is showing her little ones all the wonders of the land of the Nile, and tutoring them, feeding them on the delicious frogs and grasshoppers, the father is listening on the palace roof to the tale which the wicked princesses are relating to the sick king, respecting his daughter; and he rubs his bill, in his anger, until it is quite sore. "It was all lies and deceit," he cried, on narrating the story. "I should like above all things to run my beak into their breasts."

"And break it off," said the stork-mother; "you would look remarkably well then. Think first of yourself, and of the interests of your own family; everything else is of little consequence."

An assembly of all the wise and learned men of the nation is held, to consult as to what is to be done in this emergency; and many fine speeches are made, a passage of one of which the stork repeats to his wife, adding, "It is a beautiful thought."

"I don't quite comprehend it," said the

stork-mother; "but that is not my fault—it is the fault of the thought; though it is all one to me, for I have other things to think of."

When they are about to return to the northland, the stork announces to his wife his intention of stealing and carrying with him the swan disguises of the wicked princesses, that in case the king's daughter is rescued, she may have the means of returning quickly home.

"You will get no thanks," said the stork-mother; "but you are the master, and must please yourself. I have nothing to say except at hatching-time."

With some difficulty the swan disguises were conveyed northward, where they lay for years in the bottom of the nest on the roof of the Viking's log palace. In the meantime the Egyptian princess bore a daughter to the Mud King, and the stork, having found it in the calyx of a water-lily, conveyed it to the Viking's wife. Helga, as the child was called, had all the beauty of her mother, and the mischievous and evil propensities of the Mud King, her father. The stork, nevertheless, had a kindly feeling for Helga. Not so his spouse, who did not hesitate, at length, to express her opinion plainly on the subject.

"Thou thinkest less of the safety of thy nest than of these feather things and thy bog princess. Thou hadst better go down to her at once, and remain in the mire. Thou art a hard-hearted father to thine own; *that* I have said since I laid my first eggs. What if I or one of our young ones should get an arrow under our wings from that fierce, crazy brat at the Viking's? She does not care for what she does. This has been much longer our home than hers, she ought to recollect. We do not forget our duty; we pay our rent every year—a feather, an egg, and a young one—as we ought to do. Dost thou think that when she is outside, I can venture to go below, as in former days, or as I do in Egypt, where I am almost everybody's comrade, not to mention that I can there even peep into the pots and pans without fear? No; I sit up here and fret myself about her—the hussy! and I fret myself at thee, too. Thou shouldst have left her lying in the water-lily, and there would have been an end of her."

"Thy words are much harder than thy heart," said the stork-father. "I know thee better than thou knowest thyself."

"And then he made a hop, flapped his wings twice, stretched out his wings behind him, and away he flew, or rather sailed, without moving

his wings, until he had got to some distance. Then he brought his wings into play; the sun shone upon his white feathers; he stretched his head and his neck forward, and hastened on his way.

"He is, nevertheless, still the handsomest of them all," said his admiring mate; but I will not tell him that."

This must suffice as a specimen of stork conversation, in "The Mud King's Daughter." There are several other stories of a similar character, in which a mouse, a frog, or a fly, an oak-tree, and even an old sign-post, or a broken neck of a bottle, is made to talk with the same quaint humor and naturalness. Perhaps the best specimen of impersonation, however, is found in the story of "Waldemar Daae and his Daughters;" the rich old knight, who

becomes infatuated about alchymy, and squanders lands and forests, mortgages his castle, and reduces his daughters to penury, in the vain attempt to discover the secret of turning other metals into gold. The story is told by the Wind so ingeniously, that you are not suffered to forget for a moment that it is the wind that is speaking, yet with such entire freedom from anything forced or unnatural, that you feel convinced that none but the Wind could know as much about it, or tell it so well.

The picturesque fancy of Hans Andersen serves as drapery, in this volume, to much thoughtful wisdom. The critics, who act as royal tasters to the sovereign people, have seldom a dish presented to their lips which they can more heartily commend, as at the same time wholesome and refreshing.—*Home Jour.*

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

That afternoon Harry's class made its advent at our house, and a hilarious time it had. The squirrels were displayed by their owner amidst shouts and vociferations of delight, and then the boys, as boys will, climbed the cherry tree and mounted the barn ladder, and tried the old swing until the rope gave way and precipitated three of them on the grass—in short, they were as full of noise, and fun, and adventure as a dozen healthy, hearty, romping boys always will be.

But there were thirteen of these boys. I counted them from my chamber window as they stood under the tree inspecting the squirrels.

And the thirteenth boy was a little smaller and a little stouter than the others; he had a dark face, with a sour, unpleasant expression, and it did not brighten much when he looked at the pretty, graceful little creatures, as their shy, bright eyes glanced betwixt the bars at the boys. And looking at that boy's face I felt that he was not happy, and that his unhappiness sprang from a fountain which cast up bitter waters in his heart.

"Hello, Joe Winters, I say," called out one of the boys, "don't you think they're cunning little fellows?"

"Well enough," was the somewhat surly rejoinder; "I've seen lots of prettier ones in the woods, though."

"I don't believe it. It's only sour grapes," answered more than one voice.

Harry was a rash, outspoken boy, and he was particularly sensitive on this matter of the squirrels. I saw the blood flush up into his round cheeks, and heard his hasty retort—"Well, folks that don't like the looks of my squirrels had better go where they can find better," which was, at the least, a very discourteous remark for a host to make to his guest.

"I don't think it would be very hard to do that, Harry Atwood, great a fuss as you make over yours," answered Joseph Winters, with a lowering countenance—and he turned and walked out of the gate.

I thought Harry watched him with a little regret at his hasty speech, but the boys crowded around their favorite with "Never mind him, Harry. He never goes anywhere without kicking up a fuss. I'm glad he's out of the way," and Harry soon forgot his momentary vexation.

Three days after the advent of Harry's class, there came a long, boisterous rain, which swelled the little silver skein of waters in the meadow opposite our house, into a raging torrent, and drenched the great trees in the garden, and seemed, for a while, to wash out from the earth the grace and the beauty of summer.

But at last the storm sobbed itself to rest—the clouds broke away and piled themselves in silver

heaps around the horizon, and the young moon lifted her cup of pearl on the sky.

"Cousin Janet," said Harry, turning from the window, on whose panes he had been drumming with his fingers, and watching the clouds, "I shall put out my squirrels under the tree to night. It's quite too bad to keep the little creatures shut up in the house, and in a cage, too, any longer," and off he hurried to the kitchen for his pets.

"Miss Janet, wont you please to step here a moment?"

We were just rising from the breakfast-table when Jane put her head in at the door, and called me, in a low, mysterious tone.

I followed her into the kitchen. "Oh, Miss Janet!" she cried, pale and agitated, as I closed the door.

"Why, Jane, what has happened?"

"Those dear little squirrels of Harry's. It'll jest break the boy's heart."

"Oh, nothing is the matter with the squirrels?" for I had become almost as much attached to them as Harry.

"Come with me," said Jane; "though I'm enamost afraid to show 'em to you." I followed her out silently, under the apple tree.

She opened the door of the "squirrel house," and there on the floor they lay—the pretty, graceful, dainty creatures, lank, and cold, and *dead*.

For a while neither of us spoke. I broke the silence. "Some wretch has poisoned the squirrels. Poor, poor Harry!"

"Hullo! what are you up to out there?"

The bright, eager voice came to us from the kitchen door, as Harry's face came, the next moment, with a bound and a laugh over the grass.

One glance—another, wild, strained—and he knew all.

"O—h, Janet!" he staggered against me, and I caught him; he buried his face on my shoulder and burst into tears; sob after sob shook him to and fro.

"Don't cry, Harry. It's too bad!" That was all the comfort I could offer him.

At last he lifted up his pale, pitiful face. "Who did it, Janet?"

"I don't know, dear. Some very wicked person must have poisoned them."

The pale face flashed with angry fire. "Oh, if I could only catch hold of him I'd kill him outright!"

"Hush, Harry, it is *sin* to say that. God will punish the wicked doer of this deed as man never can."

Then the boy's grief, which anger had quenched a moment, broke forth afresh. "Oh, my dear, beautiful little pets, that I loved so! Shant I ever see you running round your cage again, and putting out your cunning little paws when I bring you nuts; and wont I see those bright eyes of yours shining out of the bars?" and a burst of tears broke the child's words.

We did all we could to soothe and comfort him, and at last he grew calm, for he was a brave boy, but the memory of his dead squirrels lay deep and heavy in his heart.

"I wonder, Miss Janet, how Joe Winters came to know about Harry's squirrels," said Jane, speaking up suddenly, as though a thought had struck her, where she sat shelling peas in a corner of the kitchen.

"Why, Jane?" and in my interest I came near upsetting the dish of eggs I was beating into foam.

"Why, you see, this morning I went over to Farmer Winters' for a couple of quarts of milk to make the puddin', for ours had spiled over night, and Joe—he was hangin' round the kitchen door—and he came up to me sudden like, and says, 'Wall, Jane, how's all the folks down to your house?'

"'Oh, they're comfortable,' says I, thinkin' Joe was learnin' manners, for he never was over per-lite.

"Anything happened to them squirrels o' Harry's?" said he.

"Yes, I told him. 'Some wretch that didn't deserve Christian burial had gone and p'isened the little critters night afore last.'

"You don't say now," says Joe! "How did Harry take it?"

"It's nigh a'most broke his heart, and it would anybody's else to have seen him when he found them little things lyin' dead in their house."

"Wall," said Joe, "it was a mighty smart trick, anyhow. I don't s'pose you'll ever be able to catch the rogue who did it?"

"No, I s'pose not; but then he'll find out some day, to his sorrow, that God knows, I reckon."

"Jest then Miss Winters, she came out with the milk, and Joe went off whistlin'. But it has just struck me that it was kinder strange Joe should have thought to ask me about the squirrels."

"Yes, it was strange, Jane—so strange that I have no doubt Joe Winters knew all about what had happened to them before any one else did." I spoke more to myself than to Jane, in my roused indignation.

But she understood me. "Oh, Miss Janet!" she exclaimed, lifting up both hands, "that Joe Winters ought to be hung without judge or jury."

"He deserves great punishment. I feel assured that he poisoned the squirrels out of spite toward Harry, and I shudder to think what a terrible boy he must be. But as he said, we can never prove that he committed the act, although I have not the slightest doubt of it; so don't mention the matter to Harry; it would only excite his anger, and it could do no good now."

"Wall, I wont tell him, though I must say"—commenced Jane.

"There is no need to tell me," said Harry, walking in so suddenly upon us that she shrieked with

surprise—"I've been under the kitchen window and heard all you said."

Harry was very pale, but in a moment he began pacing up and down the kitchen, and his face flushed into anger. "Of course," he said, "it was Joe Winters killed my squirrels. He's always owed me a spite because I got above him in the class, and because the boys like me. Oh, the mean, dirty, cowardly sneak, to steal in here at night, and poison my little squirrels! but he shall pay for it before he's an hour older. I'll find him and beat him within an inch of his life!" and he was rushing out of the kitchen door.

"Harry, Harry, come back to me." He paused one moment, irresolutely, but my voice and face held him; he turned back, but he was trembling with rage. "Don't keep me now, Cousin Janet," he said, almost fiercely.

"I must, my dear boy, till this anger of yours has passed away, for it is *sin*," laying my hand on his arm.

"It isn't *sin*, either, I say. Joe Winters has killed my squirrels, and I'm going to pay him for it."

"You mean you're going, in your mad passion, to have revenge on him, and you know what God calls that."

Harry Atwood's head fell for a moment, but the old fire was in his eyes as he looked up again. "He deserves all that I shall give him. You know he must have done it, or he'd never have thought of asking about the squirrels."

"I have no doubt in my own mind, Harry, though he will probably deny it, and you will not be able to prove it, that Joe Winters poisoned your squirrels."

"Well, let me go to him then," trying to wrench his arm from my clasping hands.

"Not yet, Harry. Because Joe Winters has stained his soul with a mean and terrible *sin* is no reason that yours shall give way to rage and revenge. I do not blame you for being indignant with him, but much as he has wronged you he has wronged himself far more. Oh, Harry, you despise the *sin* and shame of that act; now be true to yourself, and despise the *sin* and shame of the revenge too much to seek it."

"But, think of my little squirrels"—he couldn't get any farther.

"I know it, Harry. It is very hard, and I do not wonder that you are terribly aggravated. But remember, my dear child, that no good ever came of doing *wrong* because another did."

"Cousin Janet, you wouldn't have me let Joe Winters go, and say nothing to him about it."

"I don't see as anything but evil can come of it if you do. You have no proof that he killed the squirrels, and his denial of doing it will only excite you into revenge, which you will afterward regret, because it is *wicked*."

"But I can't let him go; it's too hard—it's too hard!"

"Harry, you know who it was that said 'Forgive your enemies,' and what was the example HE left us in the last hours of His life."

The words softened Harry. He drew his arm away from mine and leaned it on the window sill. Many changes went over his face, signs and tokens of the great struggle that was going on in his heart; but I had hope that his better nature would triumph, and I knew that under his quick, passionate impulses lay a conscience tender and sensitive. I knew, also, that this was a great trial hour in the life of Harry Atwood, and I prayed God not to leave him.

At last he came to me and laid his head in my lap, and said, in a low voice, that told me how great was the struggle that he had gone through,

"Well, Cousin Janet, I'll let him go, and never want to see him or hear him speak again, though it wouldn't bring my little squirrels back to beat him; and I s'pose there wouldn't any good come of it."

"Harry, dear Harry!" it was all I said to him then, twisting my fingers amid the soft brown curls that lay in my lap—but my heart said to God just then, its abundant and joyful thanks because Harry Atwood had conquered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CONTENTED MAN.

A story has been told of an eccentric man of wealth having amused himself by causing an inscription to be placed conspicuously over the gateway of a beautiful property belonging to him, to this effect: "This property shall be given, without reserve, by the present owner, to any applicant who can produce satisfactory evidence that he is a contented man."

Soon there was an application. "I think," said he, "I may lay claim to the character of a contented man."

"That," replied the owner, "is a most enviable character; but are you quite sure that you are truly a contented man?"

"You may rely upon it, sir," said the other.

"Why, then, do you apply for this property?" inquired the owner. The applicant retired wiser than he was before.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

A venerable minister, who preached some sixty-seven years in the same place, being asked what was the secret of long life, replied—"Rise early, live temperately, work hard, and keep cheerful."

Another person, who lived to the great age of one hundred years, said in reply to the inquiry, "How he lived so long?" "I have always been kind and obliging, have never quarreled with any one, have eaten and drank only to satisfy hunger and thirst, and have never been idle."

Mothers' Department.

THE PREPARATION.

"I was not a happy mother," said Mrs. J., "at the early part of my married life. I was devoted to my husband, as I thought, and dearly loved our little son. When his father came in from the store, and took him on his knee, and praised his glossy curls, his sweet neck, and tidy dress, I thought I was the happiest of mothers. But there were days when a restlessness, a wretched discontent, possessed me, which I could not overcome. The care of little baby became wearing to me. I knew not how to quiet him. I felt a confinement from which I wished to be free. The evenings on which, for so many years, I had met with the choir, and been so happy in my favorite amusement, found me nervous and sometimes fretful, at home.

"I had been the adopted child of a wealthy aunt; had every enjoyment my girlish heart could crave, and the monotony and care of my home now saddened my spirits. I looked forward to the future. I remembered, too, the weight of care, the long, close application of my mother. I thought, too, of her patience and happiness, and felt that needed preparation of heart for such a position. The preparation came, and in a way I looked not for. My heart was torn from its very depths, and the idol—I knew not how firmly I had enshrined him there—the idol of my heart was gone! Long days I sat by his empty cradle, while scalding tears fell on the sewing, about which my hands wound, I knew not how. I was a changed woman. Home, the little crib there, the toys, the tiny shoes, were all more sacred to me than the girlish amusements for which my weak heart had yearned. I loved to be alone and yield to the reproaches of my own heart, and form new resolutions for the future. Many years have passed."

Eleven little ones have been given to that same mother's charge. Could the reader be introduced into her spacious home, everywhere marked with taste, elegance, and wealth—see the little regiment in regular gradation, from little totting Eda to the accomplished young lady—every face blooming with health, and beaming with intelligence and joy; then turn an eye to the still young, happy face of the mother, you will be ready to say, "A happy home, a model mother." It is indeed. The moulding of a skillful hand has been there.

Whatever of care, self-denial, or labor may have been required, a remembrance of her first great sorrow was enough to nerve her heart to meet it

with cheerfulness. Hers was a painful, yet wise preparation for the responsible, high, and holy mission of mother, by Him who knoweth what is best for us.—*Mother's Journal*.

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

Wendell Phillips, in his late eulogy upon Theodore Parker, said: "The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, than which, he says, 'no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me.' 'A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home.' A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when 'a voice said it is wrong.' 'I stood with a lifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said—Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark, and without a guide.'"

EARLY INFLUENCES.

"There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heart-ache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy, are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at least prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

One of the literary men of England, who has outgrown many of the religious influences of his childhood, gives the following touching sketch of the impression made on him by the habit of prayer, taught at his mother's knee :

Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually, night and morning, kneeling by the bedside. What did I think of? Guiltless, then, of metaphysics, what image did I bring before my mind as I repeated my learnt petition with such scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable form bending down to listen? Did He cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult is it now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this

morning and evening devotion became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that prayer must be said *kneeling just there*. If, some cold winter's night, I had crept into bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself—it would not do!—it was felt, at this court of conscience, to be "an insufficient performance;" there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day I never see the little clean, white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber.

Health Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH.

No. III.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

As all the solids and fluids of the body are made from the blood, it is of the utmost importance that the blood should be pure; but to render it so the air breathed must be pure; so, also, the food and drinks.

Out-door exercise is a great purifier of the blood, but none should infer that a fountain can become pure while impurities are daily added, as well as extracted. Erroneous customs must be abandoned, even though they take the most coveted dish. The mind must be divested of the idea that to live well certain things destructive to health, but pleasant to the taste, from long continued use, must be cherished as essential to good living. Can the things which cause disease, confusion of mind, perversion of morals, and derangement of intellect, be called good things? Does good living, in its just sense, require the use of such things? Has not custom, instead of the wants of the system, perpetuated the use of many things? Should not intelligent and reflective beings consider the real wants and the destructive habits of the system more than they are disposed to do?

Though the human system is so wisely arranged that many useless particles are constantly removed therefrom, yet can we not see that if extra work is required of a machine it sooner wears out? This is no less true of the human machine—the more we add in the form of food, drinks, impure air, &c.,

the sooner it becomes impaired. Whatever is introduced into the system from which it cannot manufacture pure blood, bones, muscles, &c., must in some form be expelled, or sickness and death supervene.

An active person requires more food than an inactive one, for the waste is greater. The greater the waste the greater must be the supply, and the human system often finds itself, from various causes, incapable of supplying the exhausting draughts made upon it. It then becomes impaired from the superfluous waste matter it is unable to remove in any form, and the mind becomes gloomy, the nerves irritable, the muscles weak, and the human machine greatly out of repair. Every day we meet instances of this nature, yet how few, comparatively, seek to ascertain and avoid the true cause of such evil results. Multitudes continue to eat and drink whatever custom dictates, however destructive to life, health, and happiness. The health of all requires sufficient nutritive food to supply all the demands made upon the system; and these demands differ in different persons, different ages and occupations. No one can give rules to determine the amount of food required by different persons, ages, and occupations.

But all may learn something of the nature of different articles used as food and drinks. Some articles nutritious and healthful cannot be eaten with benefit at all times, and in all conditions of the system.

Nature, ever benevolent and willing to renovate, makes such severe struggles to remove deleterious

substances as to cause, at times, great and almost unendurable sufferings—sufferings which might have been avoided had the cause of them been known and avoided. But as habits formed in early life are hard to correct in mature years, the health, morality, temporal and spiritual interests of all, demand that much attention and care be exercised in forming the habits of the young.

The use of poisonous stimulants—as alcoholic drinks, tobacco, opium, and many other lesser stimulants—may be combatted for a while, with a strong and active human system; but the draughts made upon it for this purpose weaken and wear, so that disease will sooner manifest itself in the total or partial obliteration of reason, irritability of nerves, and lack of vigorous bodily and sane mental action. All things destructive to the health of the

body and sanity of the mind should be conscientiously avoided.

All should remember that in one respect the human machine is unlike all others. It is the workmanship of God—constructed for His glory—lent to mortals for a season, mortals who should esteem the loan a great favor, and endeavor, by all means, so to care for its purity as to be able, at last, to present the soul connected with it here spotless, and free from the vices engendered by all things which are not necessary to the health of the body and mind.

Eminent physicians tell us the deplorable effects of alcohol, tobacco, and opium—still their use is continued in many instances. Why is this? Is it because their use so blunts the moral sense as to obscure reason?

Hints for Housekeepers.

INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The *Housekeeper's Friend* contains the following useful items of information :

other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister. Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen. The cracked cocoa is best, but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not be used until three months old. To thaw frozen potatoes put them into hot water. To thaw frozen apples put them into cold water; neither will keep after being frozen."

THE HEROISM OF ECONOMY.—It takes a hero to be economical, says Miss Muloch. "For, will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear an old one a year behind the *mode*?—give a ball and stint the family dinner for a month after—take a large house and furnish handsome reception-rooms, while her household, huddled together anyhow, in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants shiver on the shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times, stating plainly, by word or manner, 'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate; it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintance; therefore, excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintance. And, society, if you choose to look in upon us you must take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or, you may shut the door, and good bye!'"

WALNUT PUFFS.—Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces melted butter, two ounces sugar, two ounces hickory nuts beaten fine. Bake in cups well buttered.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture. Keep coffee by itself, as the odor affects

TO DRY AND COOK SWEET CORN.—Soon as the corn is fit for the table, husk and spread the ears, in an open oven, or some fast drying place. When the kernels loosen shell the corn, or shell as soon as you can. Then spread upon a cloth to dry in the sun, or on paper in a warm oven; stir it often, that it may dry fast, and not overheat. It more resembles the undried by its being whole, is sweeter, and retains more of its natural flavor by drying faster. When all dried, expose it to the wind by turning it slowly from dish to dish; the wind blows off all that troublesome white chaff.

In the morning of the day it is wanted, look it over and wash it; then boil gently in water sufficient to cover it. Refill with hot water, if more is needed. A short time before you dine (it should now be tender, and nearly dry,) add some sweet milk, or cream, pepper and salt to taste; a little sugar is an improvement. If the cream is not perfectly sweet, it curdles.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MUTTON AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—The *American Agriculturist* says:

"We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of pork; that it is infinitely better food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat it become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams, of the Southdown breed of sheep. Venison itself is not superior."

LEMON CAKE.—Take one teacup of butter and three of powdered loaf sugar, rub them to a cream, and stir into them the yolks of five eggs, well beaten. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a teacup of milk, and add the milk; then take the juice and grated peel of one lemon, and the whites of the five eggs. Sift in, as light as possible, four teacups of flour. Bake in two long tins about half an hour. It is much improved by icing.

FANCY BISCUITS.—One pound of almonds, one of sugar, and some rose water. Beat the almonds fine and sprinkle with the rose water; when they are smooth to the touch, put in a pan with flour sifted through a fine sieve; put the pan on a slow fire to dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; keep stirring to keep it from burning; then take it off and make it into fancy shapes; you may ice them or not.

APPLE CUSTARD.—To make the cheapest and best every-day farmer's apple custard, take sweet apples that will cook; pare, cut, and stew them; when well done, stir till the pieces are broken; when cool, thin with milk to a proper consistency, and bake with one crust, like a pumpkin pie. Eggs may be prepared and added with milk, if handy, though it will do without. No sweetening is necessary. It may be seasoned with any kind of spice to suit the taste; the less the better.

MEASURE CAKE.—Stir to a cream a teacup of butter, two of sugar, then stir in four eggs beaten to a froth, a grated nutmeg, and a pint of flour. Stir it until just before it is baked. It is good baked either in cups or pans.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of black reps or taffetas silk, enlivened by the weaver with small bouquets in natural colors. The edges are bound with dahlia ribbon. On the right side of the bonnet, at the joining of the *passe* and border, is a *chou* of Magenta purple, with petalio centre of black lace. Above the forehead is a quarter circle of green and purple ribbon and flowers, and the cheeks are either of blonde ruches or white point lace.

The *brides* (strings) are of black ribbon, ornamented with floral bouquets by the weaver in keeping with the material of the rest of the bonnet. The crown is plaited into bands, falling full on the curtain. This bonnet is both pretty and plain, and lasting without. The shape is very graceful—judged by the most acceptable contour for the present—and we commend it to the fair readers of the Home Magazine as the inauguration of the union of that kind of taste and judgment which is most attractive to the coarser sex, especially to us widowers.

Roms of checked silk, of neutral-tinted bluish-gray, or sienna—either burnt or plain—or mode, which is a *nuance* between sienna and purple. It is cut plain in the skirt and high in the neck, with jockey and half-tight sleeves, large enough at the

wrist to admit the hand, and the end is often relieved with a *poiguet*, or cuff. Sometimes the sleeve extends only to the elbow, and the undersleeve is formed of one or two large puffs of blonde. Sometimes the body is a simple *Zouave* jacket of black silk, cut like a full *basque*, reaching to the top of the hips. The sleeves are plain, and rather the largest at the wrist. At the bottom of the jacket an opening at the side seams and at the sides, ornamented with buttons of silk, and net-work of cord. The front is also trimmed with black cord, and a row of buttons up the front set close together, or not over an inch apart. The upper side of the sleeve at the wrist is finished with a vent five or six inches long, trimmed with *cadrilles* of cord and buttons like the slits at the bottom of the jacket. The very latest style of jacket of this *genre* is for home wear, and is quite similar to a *coin de feu*, being a closely-fitting scarlet velvet jacket trimmed with black silk and gold braids. This jacket is very lively with a white skirt, but it is reckoned appropriate wear with a black skirt. The *Zouave* jacket is cut, when intended for morning toilet, so as to close at the neck with a cord and tassel, and fall full without other means of closing; but for evening toilet it fits the bust like a vest, or closely-fitting round jacket. It is one of the popular articles of ladies' dress at present, and we would give a pictorial illustration of it, did we not know that it is so simple that any country girl who can fashion a full *basque*, may also fashion a *Zouave* jacket—because it is only a loose, short *basque*, with an opening of three inches at the bottom of each side-seam, and one at each side over the hip, one opening at the top of each sleeve, and the openings and the edges up the front of breast are trimmed with cord and buttons, in the regular hussar style, closely trimmed, and the buttons in the ball shape, covered with silk.

BLACK SILK CASAQUE, set in large plaits; the body entirely covered with a small *pelerine*, reaching to the waist, trimmed round with fringe and with plaited silk in checks, and small rosettes of velvet at each crossing. Very long, full, flowing sleeves. This *casaque* is duplicated in Lyons velvet, rendering it the richest promenade over-dress in vogue. It is also made of a new fabric—the real woolen velvet, rich, warm, and glossy. It is lined throughout with white or blue sarsenet.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Robe of silk muslin in designs of *maron* and white, trimmed with flounces bordered with a bias of *taffetas*. Six flounces garnish the tour of the skirt, and other flounces rise in apron form to the waist.

Bodies with flounces in the form of a round tunic which closes not entirely to the waist, terminating by a large *bouillon* or puff with cross plies and double head, forming in the *contour* a little in the form of *demi-dent*. Sleeves with easy *poignets*, terminating by a double-posed flounce *en engageante*. Body open in the heart form. Mantelet of the

same, trimmed with knots of *taffetas* and *barrettes*, terminating with a deep flounce, surmounted by a smaller one.

Bonnet of *blonde*, and ruches of rose crape, below the border and outside. Gloves of kid.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The most simple toilets are as seductive as those the most rich, and the *robes* of the morning are equally *récherchées* with those for the evening, evincing a *cachet* of distinction, the one and the other, which heighten and set off the creations of our best *couturieres*.

Among the serious novelties, the *robes des chambres* hold a very important place. Those most modest are made of plain tissues, trimmed with deep *tuyautes* and double heads. They are more or less training, and always closed with *cordelières*, (cord and tassel,) the nuance of the plaits.

Of these charming *négligées* we will try to describe one of the most attractive.

Robe of *cachemere* in peach-flower *nuance*, extremely delicate in shade, made with a square piece in which are formed three large plaits behind.

The *lés* on the back add to the grandeur of the train. The sleeves—extremely large, pointed, and flowing—like those of the magicians, are ornamented with three rows of flat double-buttons, placed in the guise of *barrettes* on the middle of the front. These buttons correspond with the beautiful cords and tassels, and the *passementerie* galloon which ornaments the tour of the neck, the outline of the piece, the sleeves, and the bottom of the robe. The *passementerie* is an entire new style, noticed in our last number, and representing lace. The grand color is the same as the robe, but the borders are relieved by a certain mixture of yellow silk, very well *nuancée*. The robe is lined throughout with white *taffetas*—thirty-five yards of that stuff for the lining will give an idea of the ampleness of the robe.

The shawls of *cachemere étoilé* (starred) are the only ones adopted for their veritable elegance. They are trimmed with flounces of *guipure*.

Shawls in *grenadine* have nearly always flounces of Chantilly lace. It might be said that these two shawls are the only kinds *de rigueur*.

Dresses continue to be very various. All shades of material and all materials of trimmings are in use. The flat bands, or large plaits, please much, and the flounces maintain indefinitely their value. A pretty *robe de ville* in silk muslin is always made with flounces. A quite new style is to trim the bottom with a series of little flounces, augmenting them to the centre of the skirt, and then diminishing them to the waist. This style is popular, but it is only one of the numerous freaks of the fickle goddess. The *pagodes* sleeves, sometimes open to the elbow, are trimmed with flounces in keeping with the skirt, and the flounces which rise on the body form the heart-shaped bodies.

The open bodies, high at the neck, but rather low in the pointed front, or *fichu* form, are in great favor. They are not unlike the surplice waist, being trimmed with plaits, sometimes, instead of flounces. The sleeves always comport with the trimmings of the body and skirt.

There are also for the morning toilet those sleeves of religionists, of a perfect taste. The *poignets* are closed, but large enough to admit the hand, and the cut of the sleeve is neither large or small, but—what might be called—a *demi-gigot* or half mutton-

leg in form. Above the wristlet, or *poignet*, are two ruffles called *tuyautes*, and after a little space there are two others; and then the sleeve-head is often enlivened with a slashed jockey. The open collar which accompanies these sleeves is also bordered with ruffles *tuyautes*.

With the next number we hope to be able to give a very full catalogue of goods for fall wear, together, also, with a description of an attractive and new style of marriage costume, just coming into great vogue in Paris.

New Publications.

A REVISED VERSION OF THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO PHILEMON. New York: American Bible Union.

We have examined this little volume with much satisfaction. We are always glad to see an effort at a faithful rendering of the original text of the Sacred Scriptures in English. Our language has changed since the version of the English Bible now in use was made; and there are, therefore, many expressions and phrases in it that are not now pure English, and there are interpolations which in some cases essentially change the meaning.

This Revision, with "Notes on the Greek Text," also with "Philological Notes" on the English text, is from the pen of Dr. Hackett, who seems to have done his work in the most thorough manner. It is said in a circular which we received with the volume, that this "is the first Revision from Dr. Hackett's pen which we have printed, and we publish it according to our plan for the examination of scholars. As it will soon be followed by others from the same source, we desire our friends to examine it carefully, so that they may be able to speak of it from their own knowledge."

We hope that this enterprise will meet with the encouragement which it deserves, and that the work will go on until the whole Bible shall be rendered in pure, intelligible English, and without interpolations.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Though of American parentage, Mr. Leslie was born in England, and spent most of his life there, and his artist-reputation is an English one. We cannot, in any sense, claim him as American. His father resided in Philadelphia, where his sister, Miss Eliza Leslie, passed the greater portion of her life, and gained her literary reputation.

These autobiographical recollections are exceedingly interesting, as giving us new anecdotes and incidents of personages in whom the public have a kind of property. Leslie was the personal friend and correspondent of Washington Irving, and was intimate with him during his first years abroad, ere the pleasant sunshine of prosperity fell golden on his path; and some of the recollections of that period are curious and instructive. The book will be found highly attractive.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. By Enrica. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The readers of the Home Magazine will recognize, in the word "Enrica," the name of a correspondent from whose pen, pure suggestive thoughts came to them, occasionally, in our pages. But the hand that traced these thoughts has completed its work here, and now finds employment in the land of immortals. From an introduction to the volume by E. D. G. Prime, of New York, we make this extract:

"Another name is added to the list of those who, blooming in beauty like early spring flowers, have, like the flowers of spring, early passed away, leaving a sweet perfume which will ever linger round their memory in the hearts of friends. To gather and perpetuate this fragrance, and at the same time to scatter it more widely, is the object of the unpretending volume now introduced to the public.

"The writer of the fugitive pieces here collected, Mary Grafton Thomas, died at Philadelphia, April 3, 1860. She wasted away with a lingering disease, consumption; but her pen, which had been employed upon more elaborate work than the contents of this volume, was not laid aside until within a few hours of the time when she exchanged the lyre for the harp of the heavenly land."

MID-DAY THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY. Boston: James Monroe & Co.

A little volume for the pocket, or to lie on the table for handy reference. Each page contains two extracts—one from the Bible, and one from some religious author as a commentary on the text. The plan is seen at a glance, and all will appreciate the use of such a book. The two verses below, with which the section on "God's Providential Care" opens, would help many a one to a calmer day, if thoughtfully considered ere the day's duties were commenced :

" Thus ever on through life we find
To trust, O Lord, is best;
Who serve Thee with a quiet mind,
Find in Thy service rest.

" Their outward troubles may not cease,
But this their joy shall be,
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

MARGARET MONCRIEFFE: THE FIRST LOVE OF AARON BURN. A Romance of the Revolution. With an Appendix containing the Letters of Colonel Burr to "Kate" and "Eliza," and from "Leonora," etc., etc. By Charles Burdett, author of "Three Per Cent. a Month," &c., &c. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Margaret Moncrieffe, who was the daughter of a British officer, was taken prisoner by the Americans during the Revolutionary War and removed to West Point. The arrest was a matter planned on her part; she was, in fact, a female spy, and at West Point she undertook to make a drawing of the fortifications; but the work was discovered. On her romantic history, blended with scenes of the War, the author has based his novel. The title indicates its range. It is a fairly written book, but has not made much impression on the public.

THE MINSTREL'S BRIDE; OR, THE SHEPHERD OF HAZEL GLEN. By Catharine Mitchell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We cannot subject this volume to severe rules of criticism, but must regard it with a kindly consideration, as the product of a mind struggling for expressions under various disadvantages. Many fine thoughts are scattered through its pages, and many instances are given of a genuine poetic ability. For so long a poem, over two hundred pages, it is not always well sustained; but in many portions it rises into dignity and eloquence, and gives evidence of considerable latent power. We make a single extract, which will show the delicate fancy and rhythical skill of the author.

GLANCING MOONBEAMS.

Gathering on the verge of day,
Lo! the shades of twilight gray;
Faintly now Apollo gleams,
And the sinking golden beams
Dart athwart the limpid streams.

Rocky height and vale behold
His crimson canopy unfold;
And the temple's gilded spire
Seems a burnish'd globe of fire
As the glowing tints expire.

In the arch of heaven so bright
Comes the radiant orb of night,
And her quivering light now plays
On the rivers, rocks, and bays,
In a thousand glancing ways.

As a bride she now comes forth,
Shedding lustre o'er the earth;
Her attendant sparkling train,
Stud, like gems, her wide domain,
Flooding city, grove, and plain.

Now the gentle moonbeam falls
On the ruin'd castle walls,
Skips across the oaken floors,
Through the carved and panel'd doors
And the broken corridors;

Looking from the cloudless sky
On the tottering terrace high,
Flitting o'er the crumbling piles,
Peeping through the loosen'd tiles,
On the quaint old cornice smiles;

Then her fairy footsteps pass
O'er the dew-besprinkled glass;
On the crystal stream she rides,
Through the portal gate she glides,
Where Time, as porter, now presides

Silently her steps now tread
Through the leafy valley's bed.
Watching Nature's brief decay,
Dancing on the mounds of clay
Like a gladsome child at play.

CASTLE RICHMOND. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE THREE CLERKS. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "Doctor Thorne," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The author of "Dr. Thorne" could hardly fail in the production of a good and readable novel. "Castle Richmond" and "The Three Clerks" are both excellent.

RIGHT AT LAST, AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Without brilliancy of imagination, Mrs. Gaskell, by the skillful manner in which she weaves her fictions, and the everyday life aspect which she gives to them, possesses much power over the reader's mind. This volume is made up of several well told stories. In "Right at Last" are some very touching passages.

We have received Part VII. of "Tom Brown at Oxford," from the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

Editors' Department.

"SOMETIME."

It is a sweet, sweet song flowing to and fro amongst the topmost boughs of the heart, and it fills the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do, when the summer mornings come out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains.

"Sometime," murmurs the young girl, blossoming into her first womanhood, "I shall have somebody to love me—somebody I shall love, too! Oh! it will be very sweet to be cherished and cared for, to be the light and gladness of some other heart. How good, and tender, and true I shall be all the days of my life! How in sickness and sorrow I will be rest, and comfort, and happiness, and when lines gather on the dear face, and frosts come one by one amid the hairs my fingers have caressed so long, wont they only be more sacred and beautiful to me—more to be loved and cherished, because they will speak to my heart of the time that is drawing nigh when we must go apart, when the loving glance has faded from the eyes, and the loving words faltered on the lips! Oh, I shall have somebody to love me, sometime."

"Sometime!" murmurs the youth just coming into his proud, strong manhood, "I shall have a dear little somebody to love and to love me. How I will cherish her in my heart, and protect her with my strong arm! How I shall love to see her fair face at the window smiling out a welcome on me when I return home at night. What a dear, cozy, soft-lined little nest that home shall be, too! I'll toil early and late for my singing bird. It must be a very pretty one, with soft eyes full of shy, deep tenderness, and little red lips ever falling into smiles, and small fingers that shall have a trick of running along my forehead and leaping amongst my hair, and doing every day a thousand little acts of tenderness for me.

And oh! it shall be a face that shall never wear shadows—that shall never grow old or homely to me. When wrinkles chase away the beauty of its youth, and gray hairs gather among the golden tresses, I will only love it the more, because it has walked with me in tenderness and devotion through so many years, and been my comfort and strength and joy in sorrow and gladness, in cloud and sunshine. Sometime I shall find it—*sometime!*"

"Sometime," murmurs the young mother, bending over the cradle of her sleeping boy, and playing with the brown rings of hair, "this little baby of mine will be a man, if God wills—a strong, noble, good man. How proud I shall be of my

boy then! How tender and careful he will be of his mother, too, remembering all the years of her love to him, if she is an old woman with a faded face and tottering steps. Perhaps my boy will be a great man, a genius, and men and women shall hang breathless upon his words, and his name shall be honored and beloved throughout the land.

"Oh, I hope he will be a good man, always choosing the right, and doing justice in the world, and blessing many hearts in his day and generation."

And so the mother sings her lullabies by the cradle of her child, to the sweet tune of *sometime*.

"Sometime," murmurs the little girl, who counts her life by a score of birthdays, and whose hopes come and go like the blushes in her cheeks. "I shall be a woman, and have my own way in everything. I shall be mistress of a beautiful home, and I'll have a pony to ride and servants to wait on me, and such heaps of handsome dresses!"

"Then what parties I'll give, and how good it will seem to be done with my tiresome lessons, and not have to ask papa and mamma every time I may go out, but only have to sing, and ride, and dance, and play, and visit. Oh, such fun as I will have—*sometime!*"

"Sometime," says the boy just mounting his fourteenth summer, "I shall be a man! Wont it be jolly, though, when that time comes! I'll make money, and I'll spend it, too. Such a house as I'll have, and such horses to ride, and such boats to sail in! And I'll have a couple of big dogs, and go fishing and hunting, and see something of the world besides. Perhaps I'll go on a voyage and turn soldier, just for the fun of it. And I'll travel through a great many countries, and see all sorts of wonderful things, and come home and be the lion of the neighborhood—*sometime!*"

And so the changes ring. And so we all have our fair possessions in the future, which we call "Sometime." Beautiful flowers and sweet singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear, except in faint far-off strains, the other.

But oh, reader, be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden "Sometime!"

When the hills and the valleys of time are all passed, when the wear and the fever, the disappointment, and the sorrow of life are over, then there is the peace and the rest appointed of God.

Oh, homestead, over whose blessed roof falls no shadow of evening clouds, across whose threshold

the voice of sorrow is never heard, built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on High, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping—sometime!

V. F. T.

HOME AND COLLEGE.

The dangers attendant on college life have become so proverbial that we hear it said on all sides that the risks of moral deterioration are so great in our Universities, that parents had far better keep their sons at home, and trust to the best educational advantages within their reach, than send them to almost certain ruin. There is, doubtless, cause of fear in this direction; but the source of the evil lies not in colleges, but in homes, where the boy learns his first lessons in sensuality, vicious indulgence, and insubordination. The temptations incident to student-life too often rapidly develop these evils, but the seed had been sown and the plant rooted before the transfer from home to college.

This subject has been most ably discussed in an address delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives by F. D. Huntington, "Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University," in which it is clearly shown that without the right home-training, college expectations must prove, in most cases, utterly delusive. We make the following extract from this address, and commend it to the earnest consideration of parents who have college advantages in view for their sons:

The average age at which Freshmen enter is now, perhaps, eighteen years. Suppose it were a year or two younger. Does it seem probable, according to all we know of the moral laws, that after that time, and within a short period, desires which had before been unfelt should break out into sudden and ungovernable activity, or that those which had been held in a rational subjection should all at once overmaster their restraints, and spring up with prurient eagerness, and rush into shameless license? Allowing for exceptional instances, this would not be likely under any circumstances: still less, where the vigilance of governors, the rules of the p.ace, the standards of promotion, and the exactions of daily routine in presence and study, all tend to resist propensities to dissipation. We must look farther back, not only for the seeds, but often for the blade and the ear of these poisonous growths. Their morbid beginnings are to be found, not seldom, very near the cradle.—by the portals of that Land of Life where the Ebal and Gerizim of cursing and blessing stand side by side. They are in the infantile encouragements of inborn depravities. They are in the senseless gratifications of sensual importunity; in the sweetmeats and confections of the nursery; in the stimulants and seductions of highly-seasoned tables; in the nibblings and sippings tolerated by weak or reckless parents, or by untaught domestics; in all that apparatus and commissary of luxury which pervert the primal ordinances of nature in the body,—heat its blood and corrupt its juices, dull the digestion and quicken

the palate,—loosen the muscles and invigorate the lusts,—disincline to action, but instigate to pleasure. Thence come intemperance, gluttony, and unchastity. They come of all childish indulgences in eating and drinking. Whatever theories you may have about drunkenness and the cure of it,—whatever interpretation you may put upon the apostolic recommendation of "*a little wine for the stomach's sake*" of an individual, and that individual probably an invalid, in a wine-producing country,—one thing is clear: the class of persons for whose stomachs, brains, and souls no wine-drinking at all is needful, is that of young men in their vigor, young men away from home securities,—such as they may be,—young men amidst convivial exposures, and young men whose business is the use of their minds. Late hours, bad company, mornings of headache, dull recitations, long absence-lists, declining scholarship, complication in crime, broken health, a blighted life,—this is a catalogue of evils which has its real explanation, not on College premises, but in the houses from which the College draws its mixed assemblages; while, on the other hand, those in its walls that carry clear heads and a tender conscience, intellects not sluggish with animal excess, but the flesh made the light and nimble and hardy servitor of the soul, are those who have been taught to keep their bodies under from their childhood, have fought their battle with the imps and demons of the senses long ago, and now scarcely know what the temptation to a surfeit or a carousal means.

The admirable address, from which the above extract is taken, has been published in a neat volume of seventy pages, by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Boston. It abounds in admirable suggestions on the various evils that attend College life, and shows that the cure of these must begin where the diseases originate—in the homes of the people.

POOR CHILDREN IN CITIES.

Grace Greenwood thus pictures the condition of poor children in cities, while expressing her good desires in their behalf:

"Had I the power I would every year have a grand irruption of the children of the poor from the cities into the country. I would bring them from their dreary exile in those sickly Cayennes of brick and mortar—I would bring them down from their lofty, perilous prisons of poverty, the crowded tenement-houses—I would bring them up from noiseome basement dungeons—and would lead them out beyond the hot pavements, past factories, slaughter-houses, cemeteries crammed with little coffins—far out, till the cool green of the country should close around them—far down to the ocean-beach, where the waves would lap their feet, and the sea-breeze frolic with their hair—or far up, where the mountain-winds would kiss their wan cheeks into unwonted bloom. I would have Nature welcome home all her little ones for a grand summer festival, and minister to them with all her strengthening, purifying, divinely tender influences."

Many benevolent hearts will sympathize with her in these kind wishes.

BE OF GOOD CHEER! I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD.

There are seasons, great crises, of weakness and terror and suffering in human lives, when darkness and fear settle upon the soul, when all the lights seem to go out, and the great billows go over it.

And at such times with what marvelous beauty and richness and significance does some old Bible passages which we have known all our lives, and said over at morning and at evening, open upon our souls! The spring is touched, and hungry, and athirst, and faint we go in, and lo! these old familiar passages are like stately rooms, furnished with all grace and beauty, or they are great gates leading into gardens filled with all rare and precious fruits, where sweet birds sing and springs of water cool the air, and the soul sits down under the shadows, and is filled with peace!

And then again, in the small rain of every day life, amid the little fretting, wearing cares and trials which slowly eat and rust out the hope and vigor of the soul, how these passages flash down into our soul like perfumed lamps, pouring sudden light into dark places, and the soul looking up, goes on its way strengthened and refreshed!

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."

Oh, reader, if your eyes have been opened to see and your heart to understand what a blessed gift these words are to every human life, blessed are ye!

When all faith in our own strength to do good has left us—when we see what deep roots pride and vanity and selfishness have taken in our hearts—when the way of duty seems so sharp and rugged that our feet cannot climb it—when care, and vexation and fearful suffering beset us on every side—then there suddenly rings down through the silent centuries, like the notes of a trumpet, that exultant, triumphant call which cleaves to the heart of all doubt and dismay, and sets our feet once more upon the Rock. "BE OF GOOD CHEER—I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."

V. F. T.

SEPTEMBER.

The sweet song of the summer is over.—The beautiful and perfect fabric has fallen out of the loom, all eyes have seen it, all hearts have rejoiced in its beauty! Great and marvelous was the miracle, and *she*, the great artist who wrought the work with her rains and sunshine, with her nights of stillness and her days of glory, sleeps now as the good sleep, her work done, her times completed—the summer is dead!

And September is born! Oh, rare and stately blossom in the Tropical Zone of the year, we hail thee! Beautiful are the mountains for thy coming, joyful are the valleys with thy presence! Thou hast new revelations of beauty, thou hast new and sublime anthems of gladness and praise for our hearts!

God hath sent thee to inaugurate the autumn, and thou dost stand, oh fair and stately hostess, at the head of the feast of His spreading. The tables

overflow with the fat and the feast of the earth! Oh, well may thy head, fair September, be anointed with the oil of gladness—well may thy feet be hidden among the vines, and the clusters hang thick in thy locks—well may thy songs fill the earth with their grateful harmonies, oh month of all bounty, and beauty, and graciousness—September.

V. F. T.

JOHN NEAL.

Those who remember John Neal, editor, in the days of the "Boston Galaxy"—some twenty-two or three years gone by—have some spicy things treasured up. The ink in which he dipped his pen seemed to be always bubbling with wit, fun, satire, and poetry. The inside form of the "Galaxy," when he and Weld covered it with their sage and saucy paragraphs, was one of the best antidotes for the blues to be found in those days. After he left the Galaxy, we believe Neal retired from editorial life; but, recently, in the Portland Transcript, his pen has been at work again as a reviewer of books, and we see the old quaintness and originality coming out again as fresh, peculiar, dashing, and independent as ever. John Neal's idea of a book is always worth reading, and it is sometimes a curious comparison to lay it alongside of your own. We take from a recent number of the Transcript a couple of paragraphs on Hans Christian Andersen, written on the text of his new book, "The Sand Hills of Jutland." Don't pass it by, reader:

"That Hans Christian Andersen is a poet—a real flesh and blood poet—one whose flesh is not *donyhy*, and whose blood you may almost hear rattling through his arteries, everybody knows—who knows anything about him; but how few are they that understand him. Of conventional poetry we are sick, heartily sick, "tired to death," as the young ladies of the high school say. But of such poetry as we have here, the wine of life, the true blood of the grape—the melted ruby—the subterranean sunshine, which people are digging for under the name of gold, in all parts of the world—how little there is, and how little it is felt or understood. Our very newspapers, and some of the dullest and least promising, often turn off better poetry and truer poetry than godly portions of the British classics—but how little of it, after all, has the fervor and flash, the glow and sparkle we meet with in such norther lights as we have imprisoned here, just for the fun of the thing, like fire-flies in a transparent globe. There is heartiness—a downright rough and tumble way of doing his work, which always characterizes this strange man—this living Aurora Borealis.

"And this, after all, is the kind of northern literature we most need; that which healthy people, whether young or old, must hanker for and hunger and thirst after—something new and startling. Not that it should be in verse—for the grandest poetry in the world may be but prose in shape—not that we need fairy tales and hobgoblin extravagancies to keep us alive and stirring, but we do need something which is not altogether what we have always been acquainted with—in one shape or another; something to stir the blood—to wake us up—and to keep us awake. And so three cheers for Hans Christian Andersen, come in what shape he may!"

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GRAVED BY J. SMITH

RECREATION.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE.





Capewell & Kümmel.

HOME MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1860.



VERY LOVERLIKE.

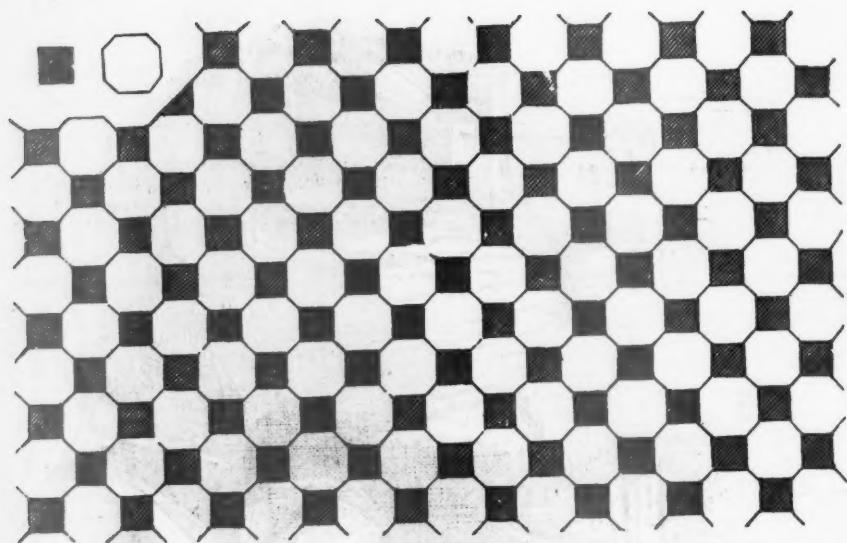
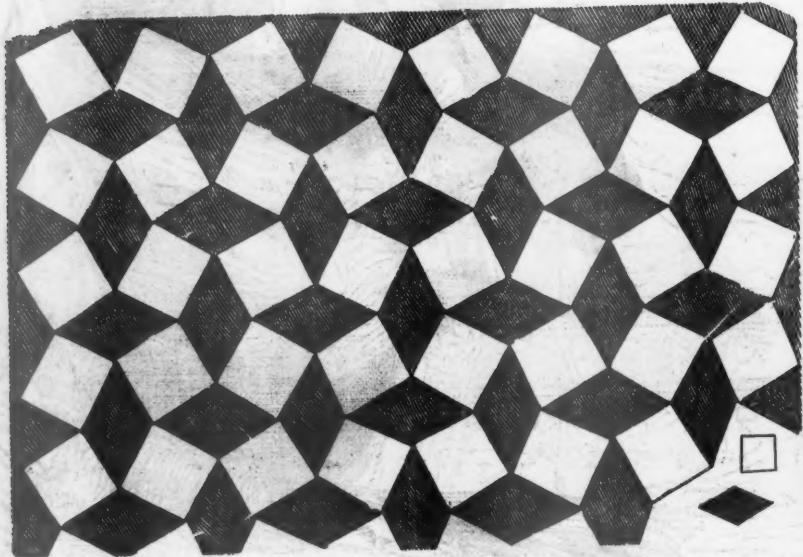
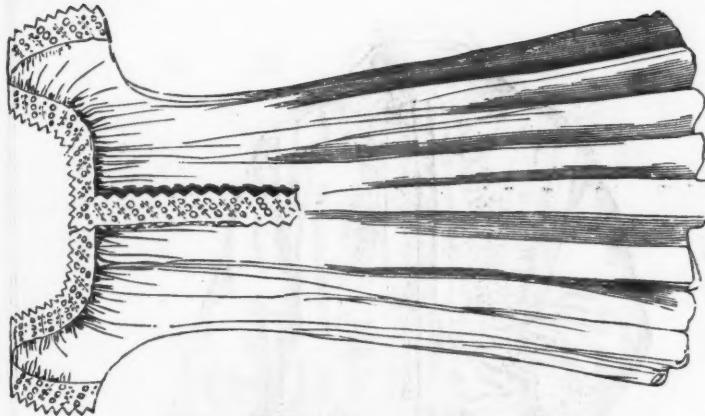


FIG. 222.



DESIGNS FOR PATCHWORK.



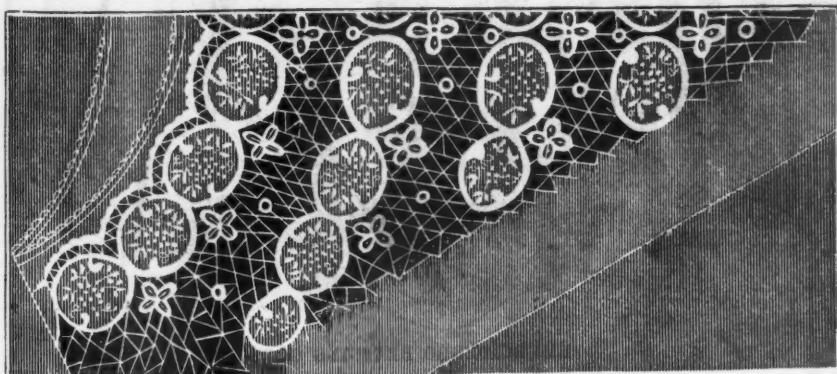
CHEMISE OF FINE LINEN.

The sleeves are cut entire, with the garment, and the embroidered edge is united on the shoulder in a point that meets the band upon the neck, uniting with it by a lace button. The garment is gathered full into the band before and behind



BLOND CAP—FRONT AND BACK.

One of those charming blond caps, that are so beautiful for a full or demi-toilet. The crown is made of black net, and over this is thrown a Mary Stewart cap of the most elaborately wrought blonde. The border about this cap is a vine of grape leaves woven with clusters of fruit, linked together with delicate meshes that a spider might have woven. The blonde gathers in a rich fullness on each side of the face, and a point descends in front toward the forehead. In addition to the side fullness is a ruche of blond lace, mingled with puffs of pink crêpe ribbon that ends on each side in broad flowing strings. The lace is gathered behind in a narrow curtain, and over it is a bow of ribbon like the front trimming, with long ends flowing down the back.



CHEMISSETTE IN IRISH GUIPURE.



EMBROIDERED DRESSING GOWN.



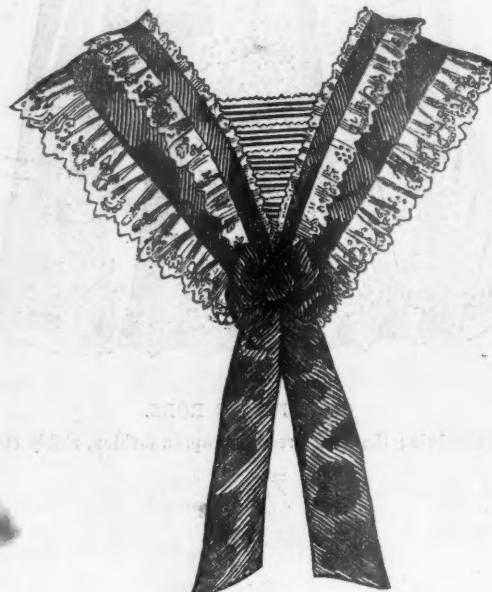
CHRISTENING ROBE.

Fine French Cambric ; the front breadth is apron fashion, richly embroidered.

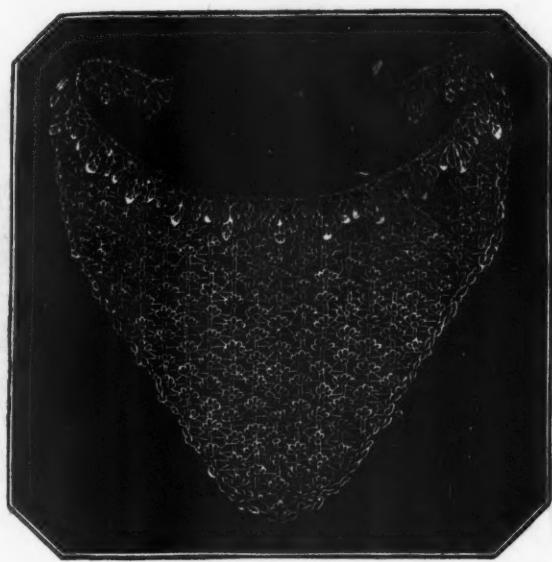


CHILD'S DRESS.

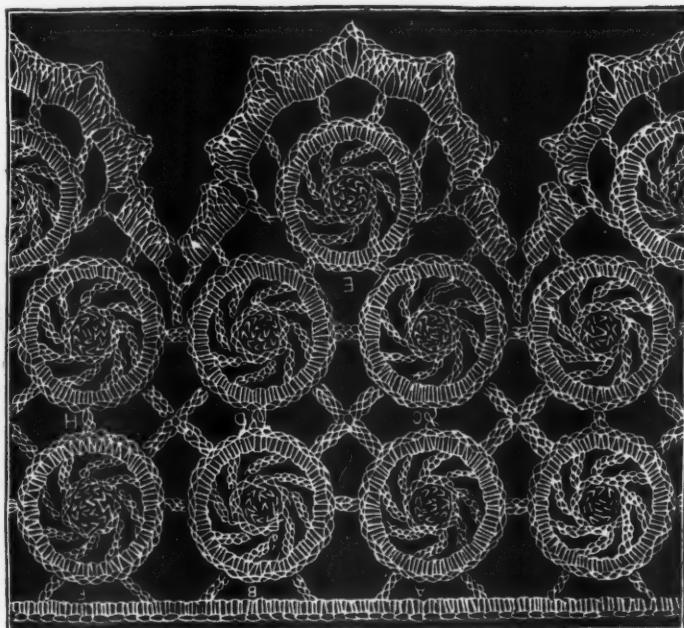
Dress for a child, five years of age: the skirt flounced, and the waist and sleeve composed of embroidered bands. Sash and sleeve bows of pink or blue.



BRETTELLES.



CHEMISSETTE IN CROCHET.



DEEP LACE IN CROCHET.

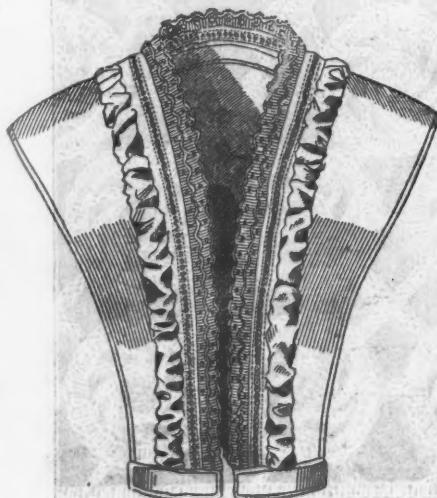


CHILD'S WALKING DRESS,

Of White Marseilles ; the scallops are bound,
not worked.



BRETTELLS.



CHEMISSETTE.



UNDERSLEEVE.